

OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS.

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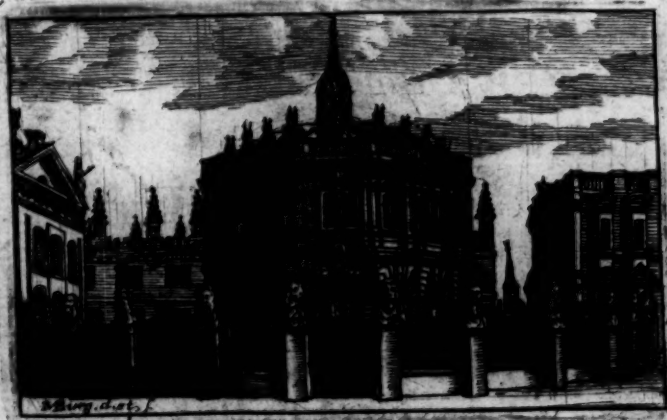
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OPPIAN'S HALIEUTICKS

OF THE
NATURE of FISHES

AND
FISHING of the ANCIENTS
IN V. BOOKS.

TRANSLATED from the GREEK,
With an Account of OPPIAN'S Life and
Writings, and a Catalogue of his Fishes.



O X F O R D,

Printed at the THEATER, *An. Dom.* MDCCXXII.

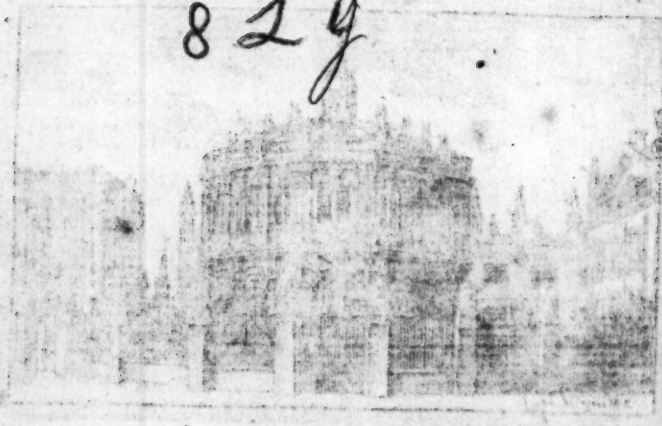
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OPPIAN'S HALIETICKS NATURE OF FISHES

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IN V. BOOKS

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF OPPIAN'S LIFE AND
WRITINGS, AND A GLOSSARY OF HIS FISHES.

8 Lg



OXFORD
Printed at the Theatre, No. 11, St. Martin's Lane, 1827.

DEDICATION

TO THE
MOST HONOURABLE
THE
LORD MARQUIS
OF
CARNARVON.

My LORD,

IT WAS impossible for your
Lordship to distinguish your
self in favour of Learning in
Oxford, without encouraging the
Studies of others by giving them
hopes

DEDICATION.

hopes of a Share in your Lordship's Esteem, from their common Acquaintance with the Arts and Sciences. The following Performance, an Effect however unworthy of your Lordship's Influence, returns to crave your Protection: if it falls short of the Beauties of my Author, as it is a Translation; it does no less of my own Sentiments, as it is an Instance of the Honour and Respect I owe your Lordship. My Design of calling *Oppian* from Oblivion would prove ineffectual, without prefixing a Name better known and more admired than his own; and the *Poet* will forgive the World for suffering him to lie so many Ages in Obscurity, since he is reserved to owe his Rescue to my Lord Carnarvon. His *Muse* ventures boldly from the Shore, with an Ambition of entertaining your Lordship with a Prospect of Nature and Providence in

DEDICATION.

a World almost unknown to Poetry;
that the first Scene of your Lord-
ship's Travels might not be altoge-
ther unadorn'd, and the Sea, as well
as Land, might contribute it's share
to your Lordship's Improvement.

As there is a Pleasure in acknow-
ledging the Debts of Gratitude, the
Temptation is too strong to be resist-
ed by a Member of that Society,
which has been honoured by your
Lordship's Choice and Company, and
consequently profited by your Ex-
ample and Liberality. To insist on
your Lordship's Character would be
but to concur with the Opinion of
all good Men; who will easily excuse
me from such an Attempt, since Hea-
ven, by giving your illustrious Fa-
ther an Heir to his Virtues, has
sufficiently distinguish'd the most ge-
nerous Man by the most valuable
Blessing. May the Influence of so
great an Example render your Lord-
ship

DEDICATION.

ship a no less universal Patron of
Virtue and Learning, and engage all
Men in your Interest and Service
with the Sincerity of

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's

most Obedient

most Devoted

Humble Servant

John Jones.

An ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE and WRITINGS OF OPPIAN.

AS the Esteem we have for the Writings of an admired Author naturally leads us into an enquiry concerning his Country and personal Character; together with the Time and Circumstances of his Life; so we generally receive the best information in these particulars from some passages in the same Writings that engaged our Curiosity. However the *Ancients* may vary in their Accounts, *Oppian* himself, in dedicating his *Halieuticks* to *Severus* and his Son *Caracalla*, has ascertain'd the time in which he wrote his first Piece; and because we find him only in this Poem complimenting both Father and Son as then reigning with joynt Power, and the same Reasons that first moved him to write obliged him to be as speedy as possible in his application to his Royal Patrons: 'tis highly probable he presented this Piece, and this only, to *Severus* in that Emperour's Life time. *Rittershufius*, the most learned Editor of his Works, has made a great slip in fixing his Birth in the reign of *Severus*; which

taking in only the compass of eighteen years, it is very unlikely he should at such an age finish so compleat a Poem. We must suppose then that he might be born in the former part of *Commodus's* Reign; which cannot be charged with the like absurdity as the former Opinion.

All who speak of him (except *Suidas*) agree that he was born at *Anazarbus*, a City of *Cilicia*; which place likewise gave birth to those eminent Physicians *Asclepiades* and *Dioscorides*. *Suidas* indeed makes him a Native of *Corycus*; but *Oppian* refutes that himself in the third *Halieutick* by distinguishing his Countrymen from their neighbours the *Corycians*. His Father *Agessilaus* was a man of wealth and figure in *Anazarbus*; but being a reserved and philosophical person, when *Severus*, taking a progress through *Cilicia*, made his entrance into that City, he avoided the hurry and fatigue of that Solemnity, and hoped his Studies might have excused the formality of attendance. But *Severus*, a Prince of a rough and suspicious temper, took this as an instance of contempt, and resented his non-appearance so far as to banish the old Gentleman into the Island of *Malta*. The pious Son could not desert his Father under this unhappy circumstance, but voluntarily accompanied him in his Exile. Perhaps it was to this melancholly Retirement that we are indebted for one of the finest Remains of Antiquity: indeed it too often happens that the noblest Productions of great Wits, are owing to the misfortunes of their Authors. Men of gallant Spirits frustrate the malicious intents of Fortune, and lay the foundation of their Glory in Disappointments. 'Twas thus *Virgil* and *Horace* were introduced into the acquaintance of the *Muses*, who made *Augustus* their Patron, and Posterity their Admirers. *Oppian* had doubtless been engaged in those Diversions he could describe so well,
with

with as keen a pursuit as other young Gentlemen of his age, and perhaps with no other views; but Adversity only could make them the materials of his studies, and refine his Recreations into Poetry.

In the time of his Banishment having leisure and opportunity, both by reading and experience, to enquire into the Nature of Animals, he composed three Poems, each containing five Books, of the Nature, and several kinds of *Fishes*, *Beasts*, and *Birds*, and the manner of taking them; which few or none had attempted in Verse before. *Epicharmus* indeed and many besides had studied the Nature of Animals; and others had treated of the Arts used in Fishing and Hunting, but most of them wrote after a dry manner, and contented themselves with a bare recital of Names, without any thing Poetical in their Compositions, but the Verse; and none of them had strength of Genius sufficient to take in the whole Subject, or wrote with that sublimity of thought, and accuracy of judgment, as our Author has done.

Oppian had doubtless perused the Works of the Ancient Naturalists, particularly those of *Aristotle*, though he often differs in opinion from that great Man, and sometimes disagrees with him in account of matters of fact; he has besides many Names and Relations of *Fishes*, which are not to be found in *Aristotle's* Collection, or in any other Naturalist. The last Book of his *Cynegeticks* (for it is certain he wrote five) is lost; of the *Haliæuticks* there is only a Greek Paraphrase remaining; though the Learned have been long amused with expectations of the Original Poem, which is said to have lain concealed in the *Italian* Libraries. But by lucky chance we have his most finished Piece the *Haliæuticks* entire; and Time which, as *Sr. William Temple* says, *like a River, lets things of worth and weight sink and be lost, but carries with it the light and trifling,*

has yet wasted down to us this solid and valuable Remain of Antiquity. This, though the first composed, seems to have been the most laboured and correct of all his Writings: There appears less of youthful heat, and flash of fancy, and greater depth of judgment in his *Halieuticks* than in his *Cynegeticks*: The Compliment at the end of the former is more artificial and just, and not stretcht into such youthful flights as that in the beginning of the latter. *Oppian* knew that it was this his first Work on which all his hopes depended, his own, and (what was much dearer to him) his Father's Release. He therefore chose an uncommon, though in itself a pleasant Subject; which he adorned with all the Embellishments it was capable of receiving from a bright and luxuriant Fancy tempered with soundness and strength of Judgment.

Oppian thought it much more honourable to merit his Release by some valuable Work, than to endeavour to extort it by Prayer. In this he shew'd a greater reach of thought than Ovid in those tedious *Descriptions of his Banishment*. Querulous people are generally but little regarded; they lessen themselves by their impatience, and give an uneasiness to the Hearer: but he who sings his own misfortunes has this disadvantage by his Poetry, that all men will think those miseries, which can be so artfully described, to be little less than Fiction. Our Author was so cautious of this, that he takes care never to mention his own Exile; only once, when it was almost unavoidable, he touches upon the miseries of Banishment, but with so fine a turn, as shews the delicacy of his taste and exactness of his judgment. Nor was he deceived in the hopes he had entertained of pleasing the Emperour; for when, according to the custom of those times, he had in a publick Theatre recited his *Halieuticks*, *Severus* was so ravished with the Sweetness of the Composition,
and

and the Novelty of the Subject, that he bid him ask what he would, nothing should be denied him. The pious Son had now an opportunity of obtaining all he desired, the restoring his Father *Agésilas* to his Liberty and Country. His insisting only on this, after so general an offer, could not but very much increase that esteem his personal merit had before entitl'd him to; and that Prince not only granted him his request, but presented him with an additional reward of a ^a *Stater* of Gold for each Verse; a generous and princely Gratuity, and an handsome Compliment to modest Worth, and Poetry.

The *Greek* Writers of his Life say he writ many admirable Poems, besides those of *Fishing*, *Hunting* and *Fowling*; and *Oppian* himself informs us that he had a design to do honour to his Country in an *Epic* Poem, of which he gives us a Specimen in his Description of the inundation of the *Orontes*, and the draining of that River by *Hercules*; at the conclusion of which story he thus expresses himself;

' But when I sing my dearest Country's praise,

This Theme shall shine in more exalted Lays.

Mean while the Scenes of Sylvan Toil excuse,

And hunting Arts engage the willing Muse.

Our Author had doubtless a Genius sufficient for *Epic* Poetry, but it is not probable he lived to begin, much less to finish that intended Work; for soon after his favourable reception at the Court of *Severus*, when being returned to his Country this unfortunate good

^a 3506 Staters of Gold each containing about 16*l.* 4*d* of our money.
^b Cyneg. 2 Book vers. 156.

6 AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE

Man had begun to enjoy the pleasures of that Liberty the *Muses* had obtained for him, he was seized with the Plague, which put a period to his Life in the thirtieth year of his age. Thus died *Oppian* the last of the *Ancient Poets*: the Citizens of *Anazarbus* were extreamly concerned at so irrecoverable a loss, in being deprived of one who was already the Glory of his Nation. But nothing could be done more than to bestow the highest honours on his Funeral. To express the high opinion they had of him, and what hopes they had conceived from so promising a *Genius*, they erected him a Statue with this pompous Inscription.

Though much they lov'd, no *Heliconian* Maid
 Could *Oppian* save, or fullen Fate perswade;
 The rigid *Destinies* superiour Pow'r
 Snapt quick the thread, and fixt the hasten'd hour.
 But had these *Sisters* like the *Nine* been kind,
 Nor *Oppian's* life to thrice ten years confin'd;
 All the Inspir'd had him their Chief allow'd,
 And all to his their humbler Lawrels bow'd.

As for the other part of the Character of our Poet, which we have not in the Historical Accounts of his Life, we may in a great measure draw it from his Writings. For though *Ovid* and *Catullus* would have us believe that luscious Verses are consistent with personal Chastity; yet it is certain one may give a shrewd guess at the Manners, Principles, and Disposition of an Author, from the uniform Character, and general Tendency of his Writings; because every one makes choice of such Subjects, and gives them such a turn

as

as is most agreeable to his own Temper. Now there is such an inartificial and unaffected strain of Piety and Good Nature in every Page of our Author's works, as had we no History of his Life, would represent him to us under the amiable Character of a young Gentleman of the liveliest Wit, sweeten'd with the most engaging Virtue, and ennobled by Religion. In all his Digressions and Reflections, he recommends Virtue with so agreeable an air, and discountenances Vice after so moving a manner, as shows him to have been the *best good Man*, but far from having the *worst natur'd Muse*.

I could never find that Natural Affection, which the *Greeks* call *ἔρως*, so well express'd in any Poet as him. His Similitudes and Allusions have almost all a reference to this; His Images are all made up of Piety, Friendship, Gratitude and Innocence. No one ever better mixt the Gentleman and the Philosopher than this Author has done. He shews his Learning and Education by many fine *Essays* and *Digressions*, but without the least affectation, and only when the Subject requires it. His *Moral Reflections* are very fine and judicious, as those on *Sympathy, Love, Jealousie, human Industry, the Nature of Man*, and the like. His *Religious Sentiments*, considering he was a Heathen, are very conspicuous in his account of *Providence, the Necessity of divine Aid, and the Punishments that attend the Vicious*. His *Philosophy*, or good sense was no less apparent, in that under the miseries of Banishment, he could refrain not only from railing against the Cruelty of others, but even from complaining of his own Hardships. As he was capable of improving every thing, so he made choice of a Subject which though noble in it's self, was yet too much neglected (as it is now) by the Poets of those days, who, either through want of reading, or deterred by the seeming difficulty of ma-

managing it with success, would not undertake so laborious a Task.

Natural History is a divine speculation to the Religious, and no less agreeable to the Curious; as there is no Subject more excellent in it's nature, or more capable of being adorned, if it fall into able hands, so there is none that reflects a greater honour on an Author, or is more conducive to the ends of Poetry, the Delight and Instruction of the Reader. The glorious Dangers and Exploits of Heroes, the Splendour and Triumphs that attend Victory, which are the usual Subjects of an *Epic Poem*, are things that we admire in common with the gross of mankind; but to trace the footsteps of Providence among inferiour ranks of Creatures, and to contemplate their constant Regularity in promoting the ends of their Creation, is an Entertainment which only refined Understandings are capable of relishing. The Design of an *Epic Poet* is either to enforce some Political Maxim, or to pay an artful Compliment to his Prince and Country in the persons of their Ancestors: but the *Naturalist* pursues a more noble end, while by pointing out the Beauties of Nature, he imprints in our minds worthy and rational Notions of the Deity. Besides the Nature of his Subject obliges him in a great measure to avoid those Corruptions, which other Poets have introduced into the Heathen Theology, by engaging their Gods in amorous Intrigues, Quarrels, and sometimes in actual War against one another. The Deities of the *Naturalist*, each within his own District, are employed in the Functions usually assigned to their Natures, and promoting the good of the Universe in Subordination to *Jupiter* their Supreme; which is allow'd to be the most rational System of the Heathen Divinity.

'Tis one of the most admirable Secrets in Poetry to heighten small things by a noble manner of Expression;

sion; the meaner therefore any Subject is, the more capable it is of being adorned. As there is a regular Gradation of created Beings from Man down to the lowest Vegetable, the *Naturalist* seems to have the advantage in a Subject which is capable of being improved by borrowing it's Metaphors and Allusions from Objects of a superiour Nature. His Trees and Plants are influenced with the passions of Desire and Aversion, Joy and Grief; and his Animals seem to rival Mankind in their Virtues and Perfections. The *Naturalist* and *Epic* Poet borrow mutually from each other: the one, in magnifying the Character of his Hero, finds himself obliged to fetch his Comparisons from the most remarkable Qualities of inferiour Creatures, the other, after a more easy and natural manner, adds a dignity to his Subject by alluding to the Hero. The Imagination is agreeably surprized at the figure the Vegetive Creation makes under the promotion to which it is advanced by the daring Metaphors of the Poet: but in point of Instruction the History of Animals claims the preference. Those Faculties in the Souls of Brutes, which bear an Analogy to the Will and Passions, and enable them to act with a resemblance of the Virtues and Vices of Mankind, furnish the Poet with frequent occasions of insinuating the Precepts of Morality after the most easy and persuasive manner. While he represents in the most lively colours their natural Affection and Piety, their generous Friendship, Courage, and Contempt of death, he seems to upbraid Mankind either with the want of those Virtues, or not possessing them in a far superiour degree. The *Wiseſt of Men*, when he bids the *Sluggard* go to the *Ant*, consider her ways, and be wise, by recommending to his imitation the parsimonious *Inſect*, rather than the most industrious of his own *Species*, seems to imply that the shame of being excelled by an inferiour

riour Creature is a stronger motive to Virtue than the most shining Example. When we observe the Dangers and Mischiefs the same Animals expose themselves to by their Folly and Intemperance, we are convinced of a very useful Truth, that Misery is the natural Effect of Vice.

I know there is an ingenious *Gentleman* who is very angry with the *Water Poets*. He in particular ridicules *Sannazarius*, and other Authors of *Piscatory Eclogues*; though that *Writer* gained more Reputation by those Eclogues than all his other Works. *Rapin* seems to disapprove of them in general; but the Reasons he gives are but of little weight. Every one knows that no Employment has more intervals of Leisure, and opportunities of Contemplation than that of *Fishing*; and *Suidas* observes that *Pan* was accounted the common God both of Fishers and Shepherds. If the Waters contain in them nothing but what is uncomfortable and dreadful, 'tis very strange that *Ovid*, who naturally loved what was soft and agreeable, should ever have made any Attempt in this kind; and that Mr. *Waller* should have given us a Specimen of the *Holien-tick* Strain in his *Battle of the summer Islands*. The *Italians*, upon the revival of Learning, who perhaps had even then as nice a Taste as any of our modern Critics, were so fond of the Sea, that they attempted *Piscatory Plays* with good success, and composed *Dramaticks* Pieces, wherein *Syrens* and *Tritons* bore the greatest share. Neither was this any arbitrary Change, for every one knows that *Theocritus*, who is the Standard of *Bucolick* Writing, has given us a *Piscatory Idyllium*. Whoever affirms that there are no beauteous Images to be drawn from the Waters, and that nothing is to found there but Objects of Dread and Horrour, was certainly never at Sea but in a Storm.

But

But to return to our Author; the Stile of *Oppian* is florid and copious, but always pure and unaffected; his Epithets are proper and expressive, his Metaphors daring, but always just; as *Bodin* well expresses it, *Exuberat Oppianus mirâ verborum copia, non sine magno splendore sententiarum.* Our Author has made choice of a Method peculiar to himself, and very proper for the Subjects he was about to treat of, in which he is exact and uniform: his Poems of *Fowling* and *Hunting* were doubtless formed upon the same Plan with the *Halieuticks*. But above all *Oppian* is admirable in his *Similitudes*; no one uses them more frequently, or sets them off to greater advantage. As *Similitudes* are the most lively Embellishments, and the strongest colours of Poetry, so he knew they were absolutely necessary to adorn a Subject somewhat out of the way, and perhaps not so pleasing to common Readers. Though I own some of his Comparisons seem to be a little far-fetched, and to have in them more of the Quaintness of the Moderns, than the Simplicity of the Ancients. From the judicious management of the Whole, the justness and regularity of his Method, the brightness and delicacy of his Similitudes, *Scaliger*, and from him *Dr. Kennet* are very positive that he had read *Virgil*, and had taken care to be largely indebted to him; and (adds he) by not misemploying those treasures he has shown that he deserved to borrow them. I do not deny but that it is probable *Oppian* had read *Virgil*; yet I am loth to do my Author any injustice, by ascribing his perfections rather to Imitation than Invention.

Another instance of *Oppian's* Judgment is, that considering himself as a Naturalist as well as a Poet, he has carefully avoided the Recital of any fabulous Reports; but on the contrary, has taken notice of, and refuted many vulgar Errours. *Sr. Thomas Brown* commends *Oppian* for his strict regard to truth, when the

Prose-Writers of Natural History are more extravagant in their Narrations. But for other *Fables* which are extrinſick to the History of Nature, he has not ſcrupled to make uſe of them to embellish the Story, and releive the Reader with an agreeable Digreſſion; his Fictions being ſuch as are hardly ever to be met with in common Authors.

Oppian, as we have ſaid, having taken all imaginable care to write ſomething that might laſt to Poſterity, his Works accordingly met with a very favourable acceptance among the Learned. *Euſtathius* on *Homer*, and the *Scholiaſts* on *Theocritus*, *Nicander*, and *Lycophron* ſpeak of him with eſteem, and often quote him as an Author of worth and credit. As for the treatment which *Oppian* has met with in theſe latter Ages, there have been ſeveral Editions of him in *Greek* and *Latin*. Among the reſt *Tzetzes* has paraphraſed his *Halieuticks* in *Greek*; and there is a Tranſlation of them into *Latin* Verſe by *Laurentius Lippius* an Italian, but very inelegant and full of Errours. It cannot be denied that thoſe, who have been acquainted with more than the bare Name, or Title Page of our Author, have all along given him his juſt praiſe. The *Elder Scaliger* is endleſs in his commendation: he calls him a divine and incomparable Poet, one ſkill'd in all parts of Philoſophy, the moſt perfect Writer among the Greeks, and the only perſon that ever came up to *Virgil*. His Similitudes (he obſerves) never want either Beauty or ſtrength; that he deſcribes every thing to the life after the ſoſteſt and moſt natural manner. Dr. *Kennet*, (than whom no one was better verſt in polite Literature) does our Author juſtice in the following Character. The Dryneſs of his Subject, though it offends ſome modern French Criticks, yet has not hindred him from being eſteemed by more knowing Judges, as an Author little inferiour in Fancy, Art and Language to the moſt celebrated Maſters in the Grecian Strain. The begin-
ning

ning and ending Strokes of each Poem have something of so great a Spirit and Turn, as show him to have had a Genius for much more Heroical Atcheivements in Verse. Sr. Tho. Brown, though a severe Cenfor of Authors and Opinions, and very sparing of his encomiums, cries out with some indignation, *It is a great wonder that Oppian's elegant Lines are so much neglected, surely we hereby reject one of the best Epic Poets.* Indeed I know not how it happens, that there is scarce any of the *Ancients* that deserves more, or meets with less Regard.

It was this Motive that invited Mr. *Diaper* to make an Essay on the two first Books, which contain the *Natural History of Fishes*: as he had a Wit that was capable of shining on any Subject, so his Translation shews him to have had a peculiar Genius for Natural History. Where the Images are brighter than ordinary, he has somewhat paraphrased the Author, but no where, I believe, deviated from his Sense and Intention. The Richness of his Fancy and copious Expression maintain the Character and Spirit of *Oppian*, even while he recedes from the Letter of the Original. His unfortunate Death preventing him from finishing his intended Work, I have attempted a Translation of the three last Books, which are properly *Halieuticks*, and treat of the *Art of Fishing*. The Honour I owe the Memory of my *Fellow Collegian*, and a Zeal for rescuing *Oppian* from an undeserved Obscurity will plead my excuse for the Undertaking, as want of Experience and Assistance will for the Performance.

ing and ending several of such Passes have something of so great a spirit and force as that he has to have had a greater for much more than a hundred years. Dr. Lee, though a severe censor of authors and opinions, and very strong of his own, cries out with some indignation, it is a great wonder that Orpheus's errors have not been noticed, surely he surely says one of the best Passes. Indeed I know not how it happens, that there is scarce any of the American that believes more, or more with less regard.

It was this motive that invited Dr. Lee to make an Essay on the two first Books, which contain the Natural History of Adam: as he had a Wit that was capable of continuing on any subject, to his Translation there him to have had a peculiar Genius for Natural History. With the images are brighter than ordinary, he has somewhat paragoned the Author, but no where; I believe, devised from his sense and intention. The richness of his Power and copious Expressions maintain the Character and spirit of Orpheus, even while he re-creates from the texture of the Original. His uniform nature Death prevents him from handling his intended Work, I have attempted a Translation of the three last Books, which are properly Adam's, and treat of the Fall of Man. The Honour I owe the Memory of my Father's Genius, and a Zeal for retaining Orpheus from an undesired Obscurity will plead my excuse for the Undertaking, as want of Experience and Assistance will for the Performance.

OPPIAN's
HALIEUTICKS
PART I.
OF THE
NATURE of FISHES.
IN TWO BOOKS.

Translated by Mr. DIAPER.

— *Credo quia sit divinitus illis*
Natura —————

Virgil.

OPPIAN'S
HALLIBUTICKS
PART I
OF THE
NATURE OF FISHES
In Two Books

Translated by Mr. DIAPER.

— Credo quia sit divinitus illis
Notum —

Vigili

Book I (I)
THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS.

I SING the Natives of the boundless Main,
And tell what Kinds the wat'ry Depths contain.
Thou, *Mighty Prince*, whom farthest Shores obey,
Favour the Bard, and hear the humble Lay;
While the Muse shows the liquid Worlds below,
Where throng'd with busie Shoals the Waters flow;
Their differing Forms and Ways of Life relates,
And sings their constant Loves, and constant Hates;
What various Arts the finny Herds beguile,
And each cold Secret of the Fishers Toil.
Intrepid Souls! who pleasing Rest despise,
To whirl in Eddies, and on Floods to rise;
Who scorn the Safety of the calmer Shore,
Drive thro' the working Foam, and ply the lab'ring Oar.

Th' Abyſs they fathom, ſearch the doubtful Way, 15
And through obſcuring Depths purſue the Prey.

Thro' wild ring Forreſts, and thro' thorny Brakes,
The Huntsman's Toil the chafing Boar o'ertakes.
Hardy he meets the briſtly tusked Foe,
And diſtant darts, or ſtrikes the nearer Blow. 20
But on himſelf he not depends alone;
Aſſiſting Dogs firſt run the Monster down.

They to the ſecret Dens unerring guide,
And op'ning tell where the fierce Sylvans hide.
On the firm Continent th' Aſſailants meet, 25
And unmov'd Earth ſupports their ſteady Feet.
From Winter's Snow, and from Autumnal Heat
The weary'd Hunter has a kind Retreat.
In moſſy Caves beneath entwining Trees
He mocks the coming Storm, and ſits at eaſe. 30
Fresh Fountains here with ſilver Current glide,
Ruſh from the Hills, and murmur at his Side,
Stretcht on the Graſs, he quaffs the cooling Streams,
Or acts his Pleaſures o'er in painted Dreams,
The choiceſt Dainties unmixt Nature yields, 35
Bend from the Trees, or flouriſh from the Fields.
While Fruits the Woods, and Herbs enrich the Soil,
The Huntsman's Pleaſure muſt exceed his Toil.

And

And Those, whose Arts the feather'd World enslave,
 Nor mighty Pain endure, nor pensive Care.
 The Birds, when out of Reach, are yet in Sight,
 And hope in vain their Safety from their Flight.
 Oft they are seiz'd unthinking as they rest
 In harmless Dreams, and Slumber in their Nest.
 Oft make a treach'rous Twig their fatal Seat,
 While viscous Lime retains the captive Feet.
 To the drawn Net they hast, and court their Fate,
 Till in the Snare enclos'd they flutt'ring grieve too late.

But ah! continu'd Doubts, returning Pains,
 And num'rous Dangers wait the Fishing Swains.
 Fond Hope with Dreams of fancy'd Gain delights,
 And to new Toils their restless Minds invites.
 The Fishers labour not on certain Ground,
 But in a leaky Boat are tost around.
 Here fierce succeeding Waves tumultuous beat,
 Roar by their Sides, and swift Destruction threat.
 Now murm'ring Winds disturb the careful Wight,
 Now black'ning Clouds, and gath'ring Storms affright.
 They tremble, who secure from Land behold
 Contending Waves in angry Conflict roll'd.
 No shelt'ring Coverts here the Swain befriend,
 When Clouds condens'd in noisy Streams descend.

No Tree from cold bleak Winds, or falling Sleet,
 Nor Shade secures from Autumn's sickly Heat.
 Here to the scented Game no Dog can guide;
 Their native Fish the circling Eddies hide,
 And thro' the trackless Deep unseen they sportive glide.
 Besides loud threat'ning Storms, and sudden Winds,
 He meets vast Whales, and monstrous nameless Kinds.
 The slender-woven Net, vimineous Weel,
 The taper Angle, Line, and barbed Steel,
 Are all the Tools his constant Toil employs;
 On Arms like these the Fishing Swain relies.

But Fishers live altho' expos'd to Harms,
 They have their Pleasures, and the Sea it's Charms.
 Long will the Princely Entertainment please,
 When on smooth Ponds, and artificial Seas
 The Royal Pinnace born at leisure rides;
 Some skillful Chief the stately Fabrick guides,
 While she her Streamers spreads, and in her Owner
 prides.

Here various Kinds of dainty Fish are bred,
 With constant Meals in gen'rous Plenty fed.
 For an Imperial Treat, or choice Repast,
 Such as the *Royal Pair* may deign to tast.

Here

Here you, *Dread Prince*, the Waters 'most approve;
That bear a fullen Gloom, and slowly move,
Thither the thronging Boats with Pleasure hast;
You in the central Depth the Plummet cast.
The willing Fish around ambitious wait,
Fly to the Line, and fasten on the Bait.
While You with Joy the grateful Prey receive,
And from the wounding Steel his Jaw relieve.
Well pleas'd You see him gasp, and lab'ring breath,
And long in sportive Pain his struggling Body wreath.

Great *Neptune*, whose Commands controll the Seas,
Can curb the Tempests, and the Waves appease,
And all ye *Ocean-Gods*, that peaceful reign
Low in the Depths of the unfathom'd Main,
Permit the *Muse* to tell, what Kinds obey
Your wat'ry Pow'rs, and cut the liquid Way.
May the calm Sea smile on the distant Shore,
While I discover all the hidden Store.
And Thou, O *Goddeſs*, tune my artless Tongue,
To please the *Sov'reign Pair*, and form the grateful Song.

But ah! how great the Task! for who can know
What Creatures swim in secret Depths below?
Unnumber'd Shoals glide thro' the cold Abyss
Unseen, and wanton in unenvy'd Bliss.

For

For who with all his Skill can certain teach,
How deep the Sea, how far the Waters reach? 110
Foolish th' Attempt; none can the Space define,
The Depth retires beneath, and mocks the sinking Line.
Three hundred Fathoms founded are the most;
Such is the Knowledge which our Labours boast.
To comprehend the Whole we fruitless seek;
Our Souls are finite, and our Reason weak.
And yet we guess the Wat'ry World exceeds
In num'rous Offspring, and in various Breeds.
More Kinds may roll beneath in briny Floods
Than graze the verdant Fields, or range the Woods. 120
But whether Earth or Seas in Kinds excell,
The Gods, and sure the Gods alone, can tell.
For human Reach has certain Limits set;
Men, who too curious search, themselves forget.
We ought to know our Bounds, nor grasp at All, 130
But curb the Wish, and the mad Thought recall.

Fish have no common Rule of Life assign'd,
Not to one Place, or to one Choice confin'd.
The sev'ral Kinds pursue their proper Good,
Diff'rent their Dwellings, and unlike their Food. 130
Some near the Shore in humble Pleasures blest
Approve the Sands, and on their Product feast.

The

The flouncing *Horse* here restiff drives his Way,
 And *Soles* on Sands their softer Bellies lay.
Sea-Roach in ruddy Shoals frequent the Land,
 And puny *Black-Tails* range the shelving Strand.
 The clouded *Mackrels* choose the sandy Ground,
 And with their speckled Train the Beach surround.
 Flat *Folio's* here stretch on the shaded Seas,
 Here spiny *Scads* and fruitful *Carps* encrease.
 The *Broad-Tail* here, and dainty *Mullet* feed,
 Frisk on the Sands, or batten on the Weed.
 Close to the shore soft slender *Smelts* reside,
 And the gay *Mormyl* shows his spotted Pride.

But what these love the slimy Offspring hate :
 The *Cod*, and *Whiting* Kinds, the prickly *Skate*,
 The *Thornback-Ray* an arm'd, and hardy Race,
 The pois'nous *Fire-Flave*, and the smoother *Plaise*
 Stretch on soft Slime ; in Slime the *Sea-Cow* hides,
 And on the yielding Bed reclines her Sides.
 The *Cramp-Fish* rightly nam'd from numming Pain,
 And wide-mouth'd *Lizards* sandy Heaps disdain.
 In grosser Filth they pass their wanton Days,
 Search the rich Mud, and wreath thro' hidden Ways.

Close to green Shores the wat'ry Natives feed,
 That hide in Wrack, and bite the spiry Weed.

Such

Such Food the *Cackrels* and the *Goats* approve,
Sea-Wolves, and all the *prickly Species* love.

The *Ox-ey'd Race* the slimy Coverts haunt,
 Where silent Waters wash the growing Plant.

Barbels to fresher Channels are inclin'd,
Barbels the justest of the scaly Kind.

The slimy *Conger*, and bold *Amies* known
 In hardy Fight the briny Floods disown;

Near Rivers stay, and shun the distant Seas,
 The brackish Taft and pungent Salts displease.

With them the *Grunter* seeks the fresher Flood;
 Mean are his Pleasures, and unclean his Food.

Sweet Streams the *Tunnie's Young*, and *Sea-Wolf* crave,
 And to the Deep prefer the mingled Wave.

Where wide-mouth'd Rivers force their rapid Way,
 And their full Tribute to the Ocean pay;

Here with sweet Draughts the joyful Tribes are blest,
 And the Land-Floods bring down a grateful Feast.

Wash'd from each Bank rich Spoils are born away;
 The Fishes wait, and seize the floating Prey.

Sea-Wolves within the River's Channels keep,
 Affect no Change, nor venture on the Deep.

Or if they chance to roam, return again
 With frightened Hast, and fly the hated Main.

Diff'rent

Diff'rent the Conduct of the restless *Eel*;
 He from his wonted Hole will slyly Steal;
 The fresher Streams, his native Home, forsake,
 Despise the little Brook, or standing Lake.
 Curious to sport in Depths unknown before,
 And search the Hollows of the crooked shore,
 Thro' secret Tracks he glides, and slimy Ways,
 And wreaths his snaky Length thro' ev'ry winding Maze.

Those dreadful Rocks, that rising Tides restrain,
 And mock the foamy Anger of the Main,
 Nor of one Form, nor equal Height, appear;
 Some to the Clouds their dark'ning Summits rear;
 High steepy Cliffs despise the lower Sand,
 O'erlook the Seas, and distant Views command
 On some thick Beds of mossy Verdure grow,
 Sea-Grass, and spreading Wrack are seen below.
 Here the *Sea-Pearch* and gawdy *Goldlins* sport,
 Gay *Rainbow-Fish*, and sable *Wrasse* resort.
 The *Gaper* here, whose Jaws but seldom close,
 Swims near the Rocks, where the rank Herbage grows.
 They too, who like the mournful *Halcyons* breed,
 And form a floating Nest of slimy Weed.
 And *He*, unhappy in his hated Name
 Borrow'd from lawless Loves, and *Pathick* Shame.

D

Near

Near sandy rising Shelves, at ebbing Tides,
 Unfruitful Rocks display their craggy sides.
 Here *Basilisks* and drowfy *Sand-Eels* lie,
 Here the gay *Gurnard* boasts his rose Dye.

Where moisten'd Cliffs are all with Herbs o'ergrown,
 And the rank Stalks lie matted on the Stone,
 The *Sargo* will the leafy Covert praise,
 And here the *Dory* spends his easy Days.
 Here *Sea-Crows* dwell, nam'd from their dusky Hue,
 And tim'rous *Shade-Fish* the blind Haunts pursue.
 Here *Scaro's* feed, the only Kinds that dare
 To form shrill Sounds, and strike the trembling Air.
 To pensive Silence doom'd no other Fish
 Can speak his Wants, or tell his secret Wish.
 Twice o'er their Food the wanton *Scaro's* eat,
 With Pleasure the luxurious Toil repeat.
 Like Sheep in grassy Meads, or fat'ning Kine
 They chew the Cud, and on the Taste refine.

Within those Rocks, where clinging *Oysters* dwell,
 And all the Natives of the wrinkled Shell,
 Vast hollow Caves their vaulted Roofs extend,
 Whose warm Retreat voracious *Breams* commend
 To rocky Cells the wriggling *Lampreys* steal,
 And *Mackerels* here their speckled Sides conceal.

Here

Here stretcht at ease slow-dying *Oerves* remain,
Whose Bodies long will stubborn Life retain.
Repeated Wounds the tortur'd Wretches feel,
Yet dare the cruel Hand, and cutting Steel.
The Parts disjoyn'd and mangled as they lie
Still pant, and move, and will at leisure die.

Some scorn the Rocks, no shallow Waters please,
They fly the Shore, and sound the lowest Seas.
Sea-Sheep and *Liver-Fish* are hid below,
While far above the troubled Surges flow.
Deep in th' Abyss they make their oozy Bed,
Nor changing Skies, nor coming Tempests dread.
Fixt to their Choice, the dull unwieldy Race
Lie in the Depths, and keep one constant Place.
Unmov'd they stretch themselves, and longing wait,
Till some poor Fish urg'd by unkinde Fate
Too near approaching takes his luckless way;
They without Labour seize the weaker Prey.
With these we may the wary *Haddock* joyn,
Who prudent know what Dangers to decline,
The sickly Autumn dread, and sultry Days,
When scorching *Sirius* darts his baneful Rays,
Soon as the Fever taints the blasted Air,
They to some gloomy Covert all repair;

Cloſe in the darkſome Hole they moody grieve,
Nor fullen will the inmoſt Shelter leave;
Till the dire Star has ſpent his venom'd Rage,
Till the Brooks fill, and all the Heats affwage.

A ruddy Fiſh, of kin to *Barbel* Kinds,
On Iſland Rocks uncommon Pleaſure finds;
Adonis call'd by thoſe who would expreſs
The various Beauties of his painted Dreſs,
Who his fond Choice and fickle Temper know
Land-Fiſh expreſſive Name on him beſtow.
Th' inconstant Wretch too curious leaves the Deep,
Loves the hard Earth, and courts forbidden Sleep.
No other Kind of thoſe whoſe gasping Gills
With humid Breath repeated Suction fills,
Can bear the ſultry Heat, and Summer Sky,
Baſk in the Sun, and wanton in the Dry.
When Calms invite, and angry Storms are ceaſt,
He drives the Stream, and haſtens to his Reſt,
Stretcht on a riſing Rock he ſunning lies
Well-pleas'd, while eaſy Slumbers cloſe his Eyes,
Tho' cautious Fear a founder Sleep denies;
Leſt hostile Birds ſhould, as they diſtant fly,
Obſerving ſtoop, and bear the Prey on high.

When

When feather'd Pillagers intent on Food
Skim by the Rocks, or o'er the Waters brood;
Clear Skies in vain their pleasing Warmth impart;
The Wretches soon from broken Slumbers start.
Twining they leap, and antick Postures show,
Bound from the Rock, and hast to dive below.
To shun the Danger will forgoe their Ease,
And seek the Shelter of the kinder Seas.

In Rocks, or Sands the glitt'ring *Giltheads* live,
Food and Content from either Place receive.
Blewlings, fierce *Weavers*, and the *Ruff* enjoy
The rocky Caves, when sandy Shallows cloy.
To either Choice indifferent alike
Both Kinds of *Scorpions*, and the slender *Pike*,
The horned *Gar*, and sportive *Gudgeon* range,
And unconfin'd approve th' alternate Change.
With them the *Sea-Mouse* roves of slender Size,
But on sharp Teeth, and horny Snout relies.
No Fear the furious little Monster knows,
Intrepid hafts unequal Strength t' oppose.
With innate Courage fir'd, and martial Rage
The puny Warriour dares with Man engage.
With mighty Soul in narrow Breast confin'd,
He swims the Champion of the scaly Kind.

Some

Some scorn the weedy Rocks, and sandy Coast, 300
 Less Danger know, and greater Freedom boast;
 The peaceful Waters of the Ocean seek
 But fly the Straights, and shun the winding Creek.
 Far from the Shore the nimble *Tunnies* race
 O'er the wide Plain, and vast unmeasur'd Space. 305
 The *Horse-tail*, and the *Sword-Fish* arm'd for War
 Nor make the Shallows nor the Rocks their Care.
 In distant Seas the spotted *Cogniole* play,
 At leisure roll, and cut the trackless Way.
 Thro' Depths unknown the *Serpents* curling pass,
 And twine resistless thro' the slimy Mass.
 They hate the Shore, who sacred Honours claim,
 And to their *Beauty* owe their awful Name.
 He the deep Seas prefers to noisy Straights,
 Who for the distant Ship impatient waits,
 The friendly *Pilot-Fish*, who joyful views
 The well-rigg'd Bark, and ev'ry Sail pursues.
 Around the wanton Shoals in Order move;
 And frisking gaze on him who steers above:
 Eager press on, nor will be left behind, 310
 Tho' the full Sails swell bloated with the Wind.
 You'd think the Captives chain'd to ev'ry Ship.
 And drawn unwilling thro' the ruffling Deep.

As when some Prince returns from martial Toil
Victorious, with a conquer'd Nation's Spoil;
Or He, who at th' *Olympick* Games has won
The envy'd Honours of the leafy Crown;
The swarming Vulgar throng with gladfome Noise,
And on the Triumph feed their dazled Eyes;
The Champion to his Home in Crowds attend,
And when the Chief dismounts, their Marches end.

So They, while no approaching Shores displease,
Swim with the Ship tumultuous o'er the Seas,
But when they conscious Scent the coming Shore,
Averse they court the Sailour's look no more;
Avoid the nearer Land, and hie again
With equal Haft to the unbounded Main.
Pilots observe the Sign, and know the Coast
Draws nigh, when they perceive their Comrades lost.
Auspicious Friends, the Sailor's darling Fish,
The Ship's good Omen, and the Steersman's With,
Laid careless on the Deck, when you appear,
The jolly Crew no sudden Dangers fear;
But wayward laugh, or vie in wanton Tales.
Your Presence gives clear Skies, and pleasing Gales.
No raging Tempests toss the sparkling Seas;
But unfurl'd Sails expect the gentler Breeze.

Far from the Shore the wily *Sucker* waits
 The coming Ship, but him the Sailor hates.
 Slender his Shape, his Length a Cubit ends; 350
 No beauteous Spot the gloomy Race commends;
 An Eel-like clinging Kind, of dusky Looks;
 His Jaws display tenacious Rows of Hooks.
 But in strange Pow'r the puny Fish excells,
 Beyond the boasted Art of Magick Spells. 355
 Oft Seamen tell, but few the Tale believe,
 Or own those Truths they cannot well conceive.
 Men think they know all Nature's secret Laws,
 Her Pow'rs define, and trace each hidden Cause.
 Full of himself the Sceptick over-wise 360
 Oft real Facts, because unseen, denies.
 To strange Effects, when prov'd, no Credit gives,
 Feeds his false Doubt, and thus himself deceives.
 The *Sucking-Fish* beneath with secret Chains
 Clung to the Keel the swiftest Ship detains. 365
 The Seamen run confus'd, no Labour's spar'd,
 Let fly the Sheets, and hoist the topmost Yard.
 The Master bids them give her all the Sails,
 To court the Winds, and catch the coming Gales. 370
 But tho' the Canvas bellies with the Blast,
 And boist'rous Winds bend down the cracking Mast,
 The

The Bark stands firmly rooted in the Sea,
 And will unmov'd nor Winds, nor Waves obey.
 Still, as when Calms have flatted all the Plain,
 And Infant Waves scarce wrinkle on the Main,
 No Ship in Harbour moor'd so careless rides,
 When ruffling Waters tell the flowing Tides.
 Appall'd the Sailors stare, thro' strange Surprise
 Believe they dream, and rub their waking Eyes.

As when unerring from the Huntsman's Bow
 The feather'd Death arrests the flying Doe;
 Struck thro' the dying Beast falls sudden down,
 The Parts grow Stiff, and all the Motion's gone;
 Such sudden Force the floating Captive binds,
 Tho' beat by Waves, and urg'd by driving Winds.

Pilchards, and *Shads* in Shoals together keep,
 The num'rous Fry disturbs the mantling Deep.
 No Home they know, nor can Confinement love,
 But fond of hourly Change unfettled rove.
 Now choose the Rocks, now seek the wider Seas;
 No Place can long the restless Wand'ers please.
 They soon grow weary when they once enjoy,
 And Pleasures will, as soon as tasted, cloy.

Near hidden Craggs, and Rocks unseen below,
 Where slower Waves with silent Current flow,

The *Anthies* lie conceal'd in close Retreat,
 But oft must stray far from their Mansion Seat.
 Voracious Appetite commands away,
 To range for Food, and find the luckless Prey.
Anthies insatiate feel the gnawing Grief,
 Repeated Luxury gives no Relief.
 Tho' not for ravenous Force by Heav'n design'd,
 For Nature has disarm'd the toothless Kind.
 Four Kinds of *Anthies* in the Seas are bred:
 Some gild the Waters with a shining Red.
 A second Sort are blanch'd with pleasing White,
 A third of Hue less grateful to the Sight,
 A gloomy Race, the blackish Die retain,
 All swarthed o'er, and ting'd with footy Stain.
 What Mark the others bear their Name implies,
 Call'd from the bending Arch that shades their Eyes.
 In shelly Armour wrapt, the *Lobsters* seek
 Safe Shelter in some Bay, or winding Creek;
 To rocky Chasms the dusky Natives cleave,
 Tenacious hold, nor will the dwelling leave.
 Nought like their Home the constant *Lobsters* prize,
 And forreign Shores, and Seas unknown despise.
 Tho' cruel Hand the banish'd Wretch expell,
 And force the Captive from his native Cell,

He

He will, if freed, return, with anxious Care
 Find the known Rock, and to his Home repair;
 No novel Customs learns in diff'rent Seas,
 But wonted Food, and home-taught Manners please.
 His long-deserted House the *Lobster* owns,
 And with close ardent Claw indents the fav'rite Stones.
 The Love of Country's not to Man confin'd;
 The same Propensions sway the brutal Mind.
 Fishes their Native Caves with Transport view;
 They have their Countries, and their Fondness too.
 No Nation may with that blest Clime compare,
 That gave us first to breath the vital Air.
 How dear the first Acquaintance of our Eyes!
 How rich the Soil! how beautiful the Skies!
 The Name of Country fills the grateful Mind
 With all that's tender, generous and kind.
 Ah! wretched those, who forc'd from what they love
 Necessitous in vagrant Exile rove;
 Still restless must the killing Grief renew,
 Despis'd by All, or pity'd but by Few.

Prawns, and the *Velvet-Crab*, tho' kin to these,
 Are not so constant to their native Seas.
 Sometimes th' Amphibious Race the Floods disown,
 Nor are the Guests to neighb'ring Shores unknown.

The Shelly Crawlers each returning Year,
 Cast off their Coat, and new-made Armour wear.
 Self-taught, when first the *Velvet-Crabs* perceive
 Their loos'ning Shell will soon the Body leave,
 They cram their Paunch, and bloated strive to thrust
 From off their rising Back the tottering Crust.
 But when their naked Bodies lie expos'd,
 No longer with the shelly Fence enclos'd;
 They senseless seem, stretcht on the sandy Bed
 All pensive lie, and deem themselves as dead;
 Nor cautious eat, lest gorging Food should swell
 The tender Flesh, and stop the growing Shell;
 But when slow Nature moulds the viscous Mass,
 And Time begins to fix the hard'ning Case,
 The rising Crust half-form'd they joyous feel,
 And suck the Sands; yet dread the hearty Meal;
 Till the firm finish'd Work can safe endure
 The rudest Shock, and ev'ry Part secure.

So when the Veins glow with a deeper Red,
 When Pustules rise, or scarlet Blotches spread;
 The prudent Leech prescribes a wholesome Fast,
 Forbids the noxious Pleasures of the Taste.
 And when his Skill perceives the flaking Heats,
 While the slow Pulse with equal Motion beats,

He

He cautious fears to raise the sinking Flood,
 And gives with sparing Hand the slender Food.
 Till perfect Health restores her former Grace,
 Strength to the Limbs, and Beauty to the Face.

The pois'nous *Creeper*, and the changing *Preke*
 The secret Caverns of the Ocean seek.
 But curious oft to neighb'ring Shores repair,
 And tast the Breezes of the cooler Air.
 The Rustic often hath with wonder seen
 The climbing *Preke* browse on the leafy Green.

With these the wily *Cuttle* seeks his Food,
 Whose Ink distains around the sable Flood.
 Kinds yet unsung, of the *Testaceous* Breed,
 On Sea-beat Rocks, or sandy Hillocks feed.
 Here slender *Sheaths*, and juicy *Oysters* hide,
 And the gay *Authors* of the Purple Pride.
 The *Cockle*, spiral *Whirle*, and hardy *Mice*,
 With *Wilks* of various Shell, and quaint Device.
Sea-Urchins, who their native Armour boast,
 All stuck with Spikes, prefer the sandy Coast.
 Should you with Knives their prickly Bodies wound,
 Till the crude Morfels pant upon the Ground;
 You may ev'n then, when Motion seems no more,
 Departing Sense and fleeting Life restore.

If

If in the Sea the mangled Parts you cast,
The conscious Pieces to their Fellows haſt;
Again they aptly joyn, their Whole compoſe;
Move as before, nor Life, nor Vigour loſe.

The *Hermit-Fiſh*, unarm'd by Nature left,
Helpleſs, and weak, grow ſtrong by harmleſs Theft.
Fearful they ſtrowl, and look with panting Wiſh
For the caſt Cruſt of ſome new-cover'd Fiſh;
Or ſuch as empty lie, and deck the Shore,
Whoſe firſt and rightful Owners are no more.
They make glad Seizure of the vacant Room,
And count the borrow'd Shell their native Home;
Screw their ſoft Limbs to fit the winding Caſe,
And boldly herd with the *Cruſtaceous Race*.
Careleſs they enter the firſt empty Cell;
Oft find the plaited *Will's* indented Shell;
And oft the deep-dy'd *Purple* forc'd by Death
To Stranger-Fiſh the painted Home bequeath.
The *Will's* etch'd Coat is moſt with Pleaſure worn,
Wide in Extent, and yet but lightly born.
But when they growing more than fill the Place,
And find themſelves hard-pinch'd in ſcanty Space,
Compell'd they quit the Roof they lov'd before,
And buſy ſearch around the pebbly Shore,

Till

Till a commodious roomy Seat be found,
 Such as the larger *Cockles* living own'd,
 Oft cruel Wars contending *Hermits* wage,
 And long for the disputed Shell engage.
 The strongest will the doubtful Prize possess,
 Pow'r gives him Right, and All the Claim confess.

Sail-Fish in secret silent Deep's reside,
 In Shape and Nature to the Preke ally'd;
 Close in their concave Shells their Bodies wrap,
 Avoid the Waves, and ev'ry Storm escape.
 But not to mirksome Depths alone confin'd,
 When pleasing Calms have still'd the fighting Wind,
 Curious to know what Seas above contain,
 They leave the dark Recesses of Main;
 Now wanton to the changing Surface haſt,
 View clearer Skies, and the pure Welkin taſt.
 But ſlow they cautious riſe, and prudent fear
 The upper Region of the wat'ry Sphere.
 Backward they mount, and as the Stream o'erflows,
 Their convex Shells to preſſing Floods oppoſe.
 Conſcious they know, that ſhould they forward move,
 O'erwhelming Waves would ſink them from above,
 Fill the void Space, and with the ruſhing Weight
 Force down th' Inconſtants to their former Seat.

When

When first arriv'd they feel the stronger Blast, 340
 They lie Supine, and skim the liquid Wast.
 The nat'ral Barks outdoe all human Art,
 When skilful Floaters play the Sailor's part.
 Two Feet they upward raise, and steady keep,
 These are the Mafts, and Rigging of the Ship. 345
 A Membrane stretcht between supplies the Sail,
 Bends from the Mafts, and swells before the Gale.
 Two other Feet hang paddling on each side,
 And serve for Oars to row, and Helm to guide.
 'Tis thus they sail, pleas'd with the wanton Game, 350
 The Fish, the Sailor, and the Ship the same.
 But when the Swimmers dread some Danger near,
 The sportive Pleasure yields to stronger Fear.
 No more they wanton drive before the Blasts,
 But strike the Sails, and bring down all the Mafts. 355
 The rolling Waves their sinking Shells o'erflow,
 And dash them down again to Sands below.
 Ye Pow'rs! when Man first fell'd the stately Trees,
 And past to distant Shores on wafting Seas:
 Whether some God inspir'd the wond'rous Thought,
 Or Chance found out, or careful Study sought;
 If humble Guefs may probably divine,
 And trace th' Improvement to the first Design;

Some

Some Wight of prying Search, who wond'ring stood,
When softer Gales had smooth'd the dimpled Flood,
Observ'd these careless Swimmers floating move,
And how each Blast the easy Sailor drove;
Hence took the Hint; hence form'd th' imperfect
Draught;
And Ship-like Fish the future Sea-man taught.
Then Mortals try'd the shelving Hull to slope,
To raise the Mast, and twist the stronger Rope,
To fix the Yards, let fly the crowded Sails;
Sweep thro' the curling Waves, and court auspicious
Gales.

Prodigious Fishes, of enormous Size,
With shiv'ring Fright pale Mariners surprize.
Nature's strange Work, vast *Whales* of differing Form
Toss up the troubled Floods, and are themselves a
Storm.

Uncouth the Sight, when They in dreadful Play
Discharge their Nostrils, and refund a Sea;
Or angry lash the Foam with hideous Sound,
And scatter all the wat'ry Dust around.
Fearless the fierce destructive Monsters roll,
Ingulph the Fish, and drive the flying Shoal.

In

In deepest Seas these living Isles appear,
 And deepest Seas can scarce the Pressure bear.
 Their Bulk would more than fill the shelvy Straight,
 And fathom'd Depths would yield beneath the Weight.

But some will dare approach the rising Lands,
 Where Tides run free, unchoak'd with cast-up Sands;
 Haunt the Sea-Marge, where hanging Cliffs out-brave
 The bootless Threatnings of the growling Wave.

Near high-land Coasts the ravenous Shoals appear,
 And in-land Friths th' unwieldy Monsters bear.

Sea-Lions here the sounding Waters beat,
 Fierce *Rams* and *Panthers* break the tatter'd Net.

White Sharks, the Fisher's Curse, force on their Way,
 And ominous *Hyena's* seize their Prey.

With them swift *Tunnies* drive, a swarthy Brood,
 Erect their prickly Fins, and hunt for Food.

The monstrous *Balance-Fish*, of hideous Shape,
 Rounds jetting Lands, and doubles ev'ry Cape.

While noisy *Fin-Fish* let their Fountains fly,
 And spout the circling Torrents to the Sky.

Saw-Fish well arm'd sweep by the winding Shore,
 And all the In-lets of the Seas explore.

And They who, tho' from Rapin unreclaim'd,
 From easy *Softness* are but falsely nam'd.

Sea-

Sea-Dogs, who various Tribes unnumber'd boast,
Pirate around, and pillage all the Coast.

One Sort, that keeps the Seas, is rank'd with Whales,
Others deep hide, and press the slimy Vales.

Of these the curst *Sea-Hogs* one Species make,
Call'd from black bristly Pricks, that shade their Back.

The *Morgay*, *Monk*, the *Smooth* and *Prickly Hound*,
And long-tail'd *Fox* strike deep the killing Wound.

Their widen'd Jaws a Magazine disclose
Of pointed Weapons rang'd in num'rous Rows.

In Shape agreeing, and in Choice ally'd,
They pad in Troops, and the rich Spoils divide.

Kind gen'rous *Dolphins* love the rocky Shore,
Where broken Waves with fruitless Anger roar.

But tho' to founding Shores they curious come,
Yet *Dolphins* count the boundless Sea their Home.

Nay should these Favorites forsake the Main,
Neptune would grieve his melancholly Reign.

The calmest stillest Seas, when left by them,
Would rueful frown, and all unjoyous seem.

But when the Darlings frisk in wanton Play,
The Waters smile, and ev'ry Wave looks gay.

Neptune his Spoufals to the *Dolphin* owes,
And envy'd Honours on the Race bestows.

When the fair *Nereid*, indiscreetly coy,
 Fled from th' Embrace, and scorn'd the profer'd Joy;
 The pensive God around the Waters' fought,
 Div'd thro' the Gulphs, and search'd each darksome Grot;
 In vain; the *Dolphins* saw, and could declare
 The secret Haunts of the unwilling Fair.
 They told him where She bashful hid her Charms;
 He found, and clasp'd her struggling in his Arms.
 The *Dolphins* hence with just Ambition claim
 Uncommon Gifts, and more than vulgar Fame.
 No grateful Meed the gen'rous God deny'd
 To the glad Finders of the Royal Bride.

Cetaceous Kinds will sometimes leave the Seas,
 And praise the distant Verdure of the Trees:
 Pass o'er the Banks, on sandy Fallows rest,
 Or seize the Covert of some absent Beast.

Thus the mail'd *Tortoise*, and the wand'ring *Eel*
 Oft to the neighb'ring Beach will silent steal,
 And soft-hair'd *Beavers* inauspicious roam,
 Officious to declare impending Doom.
 The frighted Swains stand list'ning on the Vale,
 Their Limbs all shudder, and their Cheeks turn pale;
 While luckless Harbingers, with odious Yell,
 Too sure the fixt Resolves of Fate foretell.

So

So the *Grand Whale* will court the weedy Strand,
 Stretch out, and bask upon the wavy Sand;
Sea-Calves by Night far from the Waters stray,
 And sometimes dare to try the sunny Day;
 Glad to th' unequal dusty Ridges creep,
 And thoughtless on the breezy Hillocks sleep.

Blest *Jove*! whose Pow'r must Nature's Laws enforce;
 From whose Abyss, and rich unempty'd Source
 Divided Streams of Entity descend
 By whom all Beings are, in whom they cent'ring end;
 Whether by Choice confin'd thy Godhead stay,
 Where blisful Æther gives eternal Day,
 And far above fixt on th' empyreal Throne,
 Thou guid'st the World, and look'st propitious down;
 Or art in ev'ry Part a Mundane Soul,
 An Energy diffus'd, that actuates the Whole;
 Man strives in vain to know. —

What Cement did All-knowing Goodness find,
 The jarring Principles of Things to bind,
 And reconcile their Natures to partake
 Each other's Forms, and mutual Changes make?
 Light Æther well may scorn the creeping Streams,
 And subtil Fire with Earth ill-mated seems;
 But middle Natures joyn the vast Extreame.

Pure

Pure with less pure, and gross with grosser meet, 680
 And thus the Commerce of the Whole compleat.
 Of Nature's Chain how regular the Links!
 Matter by slow Gradations downward sinks;
 And intermediate Changes gently pass
 From lightsome Æther to the dullest Mass: 685
 Or climb by the same Steps from lumpish Clay
 To the bright Liquid, and the fine-spun Ray.
 Dissolving Earth in fluid Moisture glides,
 And Rocks transform'd flow down in silver Tides.
 Dilating Streams in vap'ry Columns rise, 690
 And sweating Seas will gild the distant Skies.
 Dispersing Clouds to nobler Forms aspire
 Refine to Æther, or ferment to Fire.
 Things only differ as condense, or rare.
 Impurer Skies will thicken into Air; 695
 Air when too gross will falling Drops increase,
 And hang in lucid Pearls on weeping Trees.
 The glewy Substance, that no longer flows,
 Stagnates to Slime; and slimy Matter grows
 To earthly Mould; that hard'ning turns to Stone. 700
 So All is different, and yet All is One.
 The Elements, to show themselves agreed,
 Each often will another's Offspring feed;

And

And hence Amphibious Kinds indifferent rove,
Design'd as Pledges of their mutual Love,
The Sea-born Tribes will seek the distant Mead,
And feather'd Fowls on restless Waters breed.
The rav'nous Eagle, and the noisy Mew
Fearless thro' Waves the scaly Prey pursue.
Her Nest the mournful Halcyon trusts to Seas,
Nor builds in cranny'd Rocks, or shading Trees.
Fish too well-poiz'd their finny Wings display,
Dart from the Main, and try th' aerial Way.
Sea-Hawks, the *Swallow*, and the wanton *Sleeve*
Their native Streams for airy Pastime leave.
When rav'nous Foes pursue, they conscious rise,
And court the kind Protection of the Skies,
Far on unfeather'd Wings the *Sleeves* are born
And soaring high the distant Waters scorn.
With strange Surprise we view the dubious Sight,
Of Fish in Shape, and yet of Birds in Flight.
Sea-Swallows lower fly, regard the Main,
Mount in their Fear, but quickly dive again.
But cautious *Hawks*, tho' wing'd, will nearer keep,
And hov'ring o'er the wavy Surface sweep.
They rince their moisten'd Wings, as close they skim,
Both Elements enjoy, and flying swim.

Some

Some form Societies, and friendly dwell,
Obey set Laws, and know the publick Weal.
Others, a giddy Race, ungovern'd strowl, 730
The foaming Surface shows the wand'ring Shoal,
O'er all the troubled Sea confus'dly spread,
Like bleating Flocks on sunny Mountains fed.
Others are rang'd, unlike the huddled Drove;
In equal Files the moist Battalions move. 731
With firm Platoons they stem the flowing Tide,
And regular their wat'ry Marches guide.

Some with one Partner all their Blessings share;
The strictest Friendship centers in a Pair.
Others, a pensive solitary Kind, 740
Wand'ring alone ill-natur'd Pleasure find;
Full of themselves the fullen Bliss commend,
Nor know the soft Endearments of a Friend.
Some keep one Place, and there incurious lie,
Ne'er roam abroad, but where they live they die. 741

When Winter's stormy Season is begun,
And piercing Cold mocks the declining Sun,
Vext by the Winds the angry Billows rise,
And would revenge themselves upon the Skies.
Dash'd Floods loud echo from the plaining Shore, 750
The Tempest rattles, and the Surges roar.

Such

Such Din the Scaly Natives dread to hear,
Lurk in the Sands, or to the Caves repair;
There trembling lie; or sink to Depths below,
Where all the Mother-Waters silent flow;
The distant Threats of low'ring Storms despise,
Nor fear the clouded Changes of the Skies.
The deepest Waves, and fiercest Wind that blows,
Can't reach those Depths, or raise the settled Ooze;
Eternal Calms protect the peaceful Plain,
While Tempests rage, and Waters beat in vain.
Warm in old Ocean's Lap they rest secure,
While noisy Storms and wintry Colds endure;
Till stronger Rays the thawing Frost subdue,
And Nature the decaying World renew.
When smiling Hours lead in the blooming Year,
And Groves and Meads in gayer Dress appear,
While soothing Pleasaunce sits on all the Sea;
Fishes the kinder Summons will obey,
Throng to the Shore, and bound in joyous Play.

So Citizens, when hostile Troops confine,
With wakefull Fear, and tedious Hunger pine.
But when kind Fate, or pressing Want oblige
Th' investing Host to raise the fruitless Siege,

G

Freed

Freed from Alarms the smiling Neighbours meet, 775
All Ranks and Ages crowd the noisy Street.
The Youths and Virgins trip the joyful Round,
And guide their Motions by directing Sound.
Lovers repeat the long-neglected Blifs,
And make amends for the suspended Kifs. 780

When pleasing Heat, and fragrant Blooms inspire
Soft leering Looks, kind Thoughts and gay Desire,
Love runs thro' All; the feather'd Wantons play,
Seek out their Mates, and bill on ev'ry Spray. 785
The savage Kinds a softer Rage express,
And gloating Eyes the secret Flame confefs.
But none like Fishes feel the dear Disease;
For *Venus* doubly warms her native Seas.
Males unconcern'd their pleasing Loves repeat,
While anxious She's the ripen'd Birth compleat. 790
On sandy Mounds their pressing Bellies lay,
And force the Burden of the Womb away.
Close joyn'd the complicated Eggs remain;
To separate that Heap is racking Pain. 795

Complain no more, ye Fair, of partial Fate, 795
What Sorrows on the teeming Bride await.

The

The Female-Curse is not to Earth confin'd,
 Severest Throws the Filhes Wombs unbind;
Lucina is alike to All unkind.

Now when the vernal Breeze has purg'd the Air,
 To ev'ry Shore the vigorous Males repair;
 By Fear compell'd, or Appetite inclin'd,
 To chace the weak, or fly the stronger Kind:
 Nor will the am'rous Females stay behind,
 No Fears or Dangers can the Bliss prevent,
 When urg'd by Love, and on the Joy intent,
 They still importunate their Suit renew,
 And obstinately kind extort their Due.
 Their Bodies meet, the close Embraces please,
 Till mingled Slime lies floating on the Seas:
 The She's gulp greedy down the tepid Seed,
 And fruitful from the strange Conception breed.
 Hence the succeeding Colonies increase,
 And new-spawn'd Tribes replenish all the Seas.

But some no lawless Liberties allow;
 Whose Brides confin'd their private Chambers know.
 In close Retreat they guard th' imprison'd Fair,
 Observe their Haunt, and watch with jealous Care,
 Left some false Leman should invade their Right,
 And wanton glory in the stol'n Delight.

All Things obey, when softer Passions move,
 But Fishes feel the keenest Rage of Love.
 They all the Pangs of jealous Fury know,
 (That cursed Fiend will dive to Worlds below,)
 Feel selfish Pride, Distrust, and anxious Pain,
 And all the Plagues that form Love's pompous Train.
 As rival Lovers, that one Flame confess,
 All blooming Youths, whom splendid Fortunes bless,
 Still haunt the Nymph, and tell the moving Tale;
 Each hopes his Wealth or Passion may prevail;
 Thus Sea-born Rivals round the She repair,
 And claim the sole Enjoyment of the Fair.
 They boast no Wealth indeed to purchase Love,
 No soft deluding Eloquence to move;
 But they have sharpest Teeth, and pointed Jaws,
 To own their Passion, and maintain their Cause.
 Long they dispute the Prize in hardy Fight,
 Till joyful Conquest gives undoubted Right.
 The vanquisht Wretch must hide in pensive Shame,
 Forego his Pleasure, and renounce his Claim.

Some to successive Choice of Wives are kind,
 Abhor the Curse of one to one confin'd.
 Thus the lewd *Sargo's* spend their wanton Days,
 And dark-dy'd *Wrass* the lawless Freedom praise.

The

The *Beetle* no promiscuous Joys allows,
True to his Vow, and grateful to his Spouse.
No Change he seeks, nor leaves his dusky Fair;
Propitious *Hymen* joyns the constant Pair.

Strange the Formation of the *Eely* Race,
That know no Sex, yet love the close Embrace.
Their folded Lengths they round each other twine,
Twist am'rous Knots, and slimy Bodies joyn,
Till the close Strife brings off a frothy Juice,
The Seed that must the wriggling Kind produce.
Regardless They their future Offspring leave,
But porous Sands the spumy Drops receive.
That genial Bed impregnates all the Heap,
And little *Eelets* soon begin to creep.
Half-Fish, Half-Slime they try their doubtful strength,
And slowly trail along their wormy Length.

What great Effects from slender Causes flow!
Congers their Bulk to these Productions owe:
The Forms, which from the frothy Drop began,
Stretch out immense, and eddy all the Main.

Justly might Female *Tortoises* complain,
To whom Enjoyment is the greatest Pain.
They dread the Tryal, and foreboding hate
The growing Passion of the cruel Mate.

He

He amorous pursues, They conscious fly
 Joyless Caresses, and resolv'd deny.
 Since partial Heav'n has thus restrain'd the Bliss,
 The Males they welcome with a closer Kiss,
 Bite angry, and reluctant Hate declare.
 The *Tortoise* Courtship is a State of War,
 Eager they fight, but with unlike Design,
 Males to obtain, and Females to decline.
 The conflict lasts, till these by Strength o'ercome
 All forrowing yield to the resistless Doom.
 Not like a Bride, but pensive Captive, led
 To the loath'd Duties of an hated Bed.
 The *Seal*, and *Tortoise* copulate behind
 Like Earth-bred Dogs, and are not soon disjoyn'd;
 But secret Ties the passive Couple bind.
 The *Preke's* Amours our softest Pity move,
 Whose certain nat'ral Death is only Love.
 Once, and but once, the niggard Pow'rs allow
 The luckless Pair congenial Bliss to know,
 Soon as the Male has try'd the luscious Joy,
 The soft repeated Pleasures never cloy.
 Excessive in Desire he won't give o'er,
 Till strength and wasting Spirits be no more.
 When

When Nature drain'd can grant no fresh Supplies,
Stretcht on the Sands all impotent he lies.
The little *Shell-Fish*, late his usual Prey,
Insult his Doom, and all his Wrongs repay;
Their Foe, so dreadful once, no longer fear,
And well reveng'd the living Carcass tear.
He passive lies, nor feels the Pow'r to move,
But dying grieves his too unfated Love.
Nor long, when once enjoy'd, the Females live,
Or future Dolours of the Birth survive.
Their Eggs lie all compact, and strait's the Way,
Which must the cluster'd Heaps to Life convey.
Now when ripe Nature will the Birth constrain,
The teeming Bride feels her increasing Pain;
Nor longer can the tort'ring Pressure bear,
When falling Eggs th' unequal Passage tear.
Fate stints their Life; that Term they cannot pass,
One rolling Year concludes the shorten'd Space.
E'er the swift Chariot of the Gold-hair'd Sun
Has told the Days, and all his Circuit run,
Fond Suicides the dear Destruction prove
Of luckless Marriage, and disastrous Love.

The *Lamprey*, glowing with uncommon Fires,
The Earth-bred Serpents purpled Curls admires.

He

He no less kind makes amorous Returns,
With equal Love the grateful Serpent burns,
Fixt on the Joy he bounding shoots along,
Erects his azure Crest, and darts his forky Tongue.
Now his red Eye-balls glow with doubled Fires; 920
Proudly he mounts upon his folded Spires,
Displays his glossy Coat, and speckled Side,
And meets in all his Charms the wat'ry Bride.
But lest he careless might his Confort harm,
The gentle Lover will himself disarm, 925
Spit out the venom'd Mass, and careful hide
In cranny'd Rocks, far from the washing Tide;
There leaves the Furies of his noxious Teeth,
And putrid Bags, the pois'nous Fund of Death.
His Mate he calls with softly hissing Sounds; 930
She joyful hears, and from the Ocean bounds.
Swift as the bearded Arrow's Haft she flies,
To own her Love, and meet the Serpent's Joys.
At her approach, no more the Lover bears
Odious Delay, nor sounding Waters fears. 935
Onward he moves on shining Volumes roll'd,
The Foam all burning seems with wavy Gold.
At length with equal Haft the Lovers meet,
And strange Enjoyments slake their mutual Heat.

She

She with wide-gaping Mouth the Spouse invites,⁹⁴⁰
Sucks in his Head, and feels unknown Delights.
When full Fruition has asswag'd Desire,⁹⁴⁵
Well-pleas'd the Bride will to her Home retire.
Tir'd with the Strife the Serpent hies to Land,⁹⁵⁰
And leaves his Prints on all the furrow'd Sand;
With anxious Fear seeks the close private Cleft,⁹⁵⁵
Where he in Trust th' important Secret left.
From the stain'd Rock he sucks the pois'nous Heaps,⁹⁶⁰
Feels his returning Strength, and hissing leaps;
With brandish'd Tongue the distant Foe defies,⁹⁶⁵
And darts new Light'nings from his Blood-shot Eyes.
But if some Swain mean while observing spies,⁹⁷⁰
Where odious Spume, and venom'd Spittle lies,
And while the Serpent wooes, from neighb'ring Seas
The cleansing Waters to the Rock conveys;⁹⁷⁵
The Serpent comes, and finds his Treasure gone,
Looks forrowing round, and blames the faithless Stone;
Disarm'd no more his wonted Pleasure takes,
Curls in the Grass, or hisses in the Brakes.
He creeps with Shame a tawdry speckled Worm,⁹⁸⁰
And prides no longer in his beauteous Form.
On the same Rock with Head reclin'd he lies,
And, where he lost his Arms, despairing dies.

Dolphins like Men perform the nuptial Debt,
 Parts of like Form the vig'rous Joy repeat;
 Hide, and contract unseen, till eager Love,
 And conscious Hopes the pow'rful Fancy move.

Thus the moist Tribes the Call of Love obey,
 Produce their Like, and people all the Sea.
 Each knows the Time, by proper Instinct drawn,
 When Nature bids eject th' enliven'd Spawn.
 Some breed, when vernal Days the Skies renew,
 And Waves each other but in Sport pursue.
 When soft *Favonius* plays in wanton Gales,
 And pleasing Warmth no future Storm exhales.
 Others, when Summer darts directer Beams,
 And fills the tainted Air with sultry Steams.
 Some from their Wombs the ripen'd Burden force,
 When weary'd *Titan* takes a shorter Course,
 And from high Mountain Tops th' Autumnal Breeze
 Lets fall the waisted Seeds on barren Seas.
 Some, when inclement Winter rudely blows,
 To chilling Cold their tender Young expose.
 Yearly their Eggs the pregnant Females lay,
 One annual Birth restores the vast Decay.
 But twice *Sea-Wolves* the coming Sorrow mourn;
 Again the Joys, again the Pangs return.

Three yearly Spawns the teeming *Mullet* blefs,
 Renew the Race, and give the large Increase.
 The curling *Scorpion* in each Season knows,
 The glad Conception, and the wringing Throws.
 But *Carps* all Kinds in num'rous Births exceed,
 They ftill unweari'd with their Labour breed.
 With five fucceffive Spawns the *Carps* abound
 E'er the fwift Sun has trac'd his annual Round.

But no Refearch the puzzling Secret finds,
 How *Whittings* gender, and preferve their Kinds.
 They love, and propagate by Ways unknown,
 And baffled Men their vain Enquiries own.

Oviparous Filh, whom vernal Labours eafe,
 And give the full-grown Eggs their ripe Release,
 Some in their wonted Dwellings patient ftay,
 Prepare their Beds, and wait the reckon'd Day.

Others will not *Lucina's* Call obey,
 Till with long March they reach the *Euxine* Sea.
 There pleafant Gulphs uncommon Sweetnefs boast,
 And Salts o'er-pow'rd in frefter Streams are loft.
 A thoufand River-Gods on ev'ry Side
 Their leaning Urns all to the *Euxine* guide.
 The hollow Bafon is ingirt around
 With fruitful Banks, and fenc'd with rifing Grounds.

Here all the Pleasures of the Sea they find,
Rich Pastures, sandy Mounds, and gentle Wind.
Capes jetting from the Shores on either Side
Elbow the Floods, and part the swelling Tide.
Here private Ways, and dubious Caverns please,
And bending Fore-lands shade the calmer Seas.
Returning Tides beslime the winding Caves,
And easy Dimples smile in broken Waves.
No rav'nous Kinds, and fierce unwelcome Guest
Thirsting for Blood, the wat'ry Roads infest.
No *Whaly* Monster here destructive rolls,
No Robber comes that preys on weaker Shoals.
No *Lobster* on the little Captive feasts;
Nor crawling *Preke* those harmless Shores molests.
Dolphins are found, but innocently tame
These *Dolphins* play, and murd'rous Guilt disclaim.
A *Species* weaker than the *Whaly* Breed,
Peaceful they rove, and without Slaughter feed.
Hence thronging Fish admire the kind Retreat;
From ev'ry distant Sea the Strangers meet.
Led by one Thought they feel the same Desire,
Come at set Times, and all at once retire.
When Instinct prompts, the She's with one Design
Begin the March, and all their Forces joyn,

Pass the *Propontis*, and the *Thracian* Straight,
And now the coming Birth impatient wait.

So prudent Cranes, from *Egypt's* slimy Banks,
Concert their Flight, and form their airy Ranks;
Bleak *Atlas* leave, and *Aethiopia's* Snows,
Where puny *Pigmies* bend their hostile Bows.
Loud Clangors sound the March; the Flocks on high
Spread their long Wings, and brush th' uncolour'd Sky.
Well-rang'd they file along the trackless Plain,
And busy Plumes the whistling Welkin fan.

Such noisy Tumults stir the mantling Seas,
When breeding Fish joy at the vernal Breeze;
With fisking Tails the circling Eddies beat,
Hast to the Birth, and annual Toils repeat.
Unweary'd they pursue the toilsome Race,
Till the calm *Euxine* shows his smiling Face.
Here their prolifick Spawn they teeming lay,
While friendly Winds with sportive Waters play.
Sunk Waves supine on the smooth Surface sleep,
And Warmth impregnates all the jelly'd Heap.
But when Autumnal Winds grow hoarse with Cold,
And the rouz'd Billows are confus'dly roll'd;
When Gales, that whisper'd erst, begin to chide,
When Mountains rise, and yawning Combs subside,

So calm before, the *Famine* suffers most
 From wint'ry Storms, and is incessant toft.
 Insulting Winds it's shallow Depth command,
 And boiling Floods turn up the working Sand.
 Dash'd on themselves the bandy'd Surges roar, 1065
 And tell th' unpity'd Tale to ev'ry Shore.
 The vap'ry Mountains blacken from afar,
 Recruit the Tempest, and maintain the War.
 Fishes alarm'd the changing Season mourn,
 And with their little Fry in Throngs return. 1070
 Backward again their hasty Course they steer,
 And the free open Main to in-land Seas prefer.

Soft Fishes, who their plyant Bodies wreath,
 In whom no Bones their branching Prickles sheath;
 The *Bloodless Crusty* Race, who crawling play, 1075
 Tho' no swoln Veins the purple Life convey;
 The various *Finny* Tribes, that swifter glide,
 Array'd in silver Scales, and spotted Pride;
 And slow *Testaceous* Kinds, that constant dwell
 Fixt in the Concave of the pearly Shell, 1080
 All breed alike, distill a mucous Juice
 Whose bladd'ry Heaps the future Young produce.

Eagles, Sea-Dogs, and all the *Gristly* Race
 Bring forth their Like, no shapeless clotted Mass;

Retain

Retain the Seed within till perfect grown,
 And Nature has her just Proportions shewn.
 From the full Womb Amphibious Paddlers creep,
 And little *Sea-Calves* baffle on the Deep.
 So *Dolphins* teem, whom Subject Fish revere,
 And shew the smiling Seas their Infant-Heir.
 All other Kinds, whom Parent-Seas confine,
Dolphins excell; that Race is all divine!
Dolphins were Men, (Tradition hands the Tale)
 Laborious Swains bred on the *Tuscan* Vale:
 Transform'd by *Bacchus*, and by *Neptune* lov'd,
 They all the Pleasures of the Deep improv'd.
 When new-made Fish the God's Command obey'd,
 Plung'd in the Waves, and untry'd Fins display'd,
 No further Change relenting *Bacchus* wrought,
 Nor have the *Dolphins* all the Man forgot;
 The conscious Soul retains her former Thought.
 When painful Throws, (for Twins the *Dolphins* bear)
 And finish'd Time brings forth the Princely Pair,
 They round their Parent frisk, sport by her Side,
 Oft in her Mouth the little Wantons hide.
 She glad receives, with watchful Eye attends,
 Directs their Motions, and from Harm defends;

Exulting

Exulting leaps, and feels the Mother's Joy,
When with close Kifs she hugs the dandled Boy.
Then suckling gives to each the swelling Breast, 1110
By partial Heav'n with Gifts uncommon blest.
The *Dolphins* Paps a luscious Milk produce,
Hourly distending with secreted Juice.
But when her Young are grown to just Encrease,
And stronger Fins can wrestle with the Seas, 1115
She to more useful Arts directs the Way,
And shows to vault the Waves, and chace the Prey.
What pleasing Wonders charm the Sailor's sight,
When Calms the *Dolphins* to their Sports invite?
As jovial Swains in tuneful Measure tread, 1120
And leave their rounding Pressures on the Mead;
So They in circling Dance, with wanton Ease
Pursue each other round the furrow'd Seas,
With rapid Force the curling Streams divide, 1125
Add to the Waves, and drive the slow-pac'd Tide.
The Parent *Dolphins*, with suspicious Care,
Of casual Harms, and guilty Floods beware,
Move cautious on behind, and guard the Rear. }

So when blith Lambs their vernal Revels keep,
Bound from the Turf, and o'er the Hillocks leap; 1130

Now

Now harmless try to butt, then race away,
Now weary'd feed, and thus consume the Day,
Mean while the thoughtful Shepherd watching lies,
Lest sudden Onset should his Flock surprize.

As grave Preceptors, whose instructive Care
By Wisdom's Dictates forms the growing Heir,
When the glad Pupil Throng to Sport inclin'd,
Suspend the nobler Pleasures of the Mind,
With jealous Eyes the while their Steps observe,
Lest playful Hours from steady Virtue swerve;
So Parent *Dolphins* on the Care intent
Watch their gay Young, and threaten'd Ills prevent.
Sæa-Calves their Offspring, like the *Dolphins*, feast,
And milky Stores distend the rising Breast.
When conscious they th' approaching Time perceive,
They fly the Deep, and wat'ry Pastures leave.
On the dry Ground, far from the swelling Tide,
Bring forth their Young, and on the Shores abide,
Till twice six times they see the Eastern Gleams
Brighten the Hills, and tremble on the Streams.
The thirteenth Morn, soon as the early Dawn
Hangs out it's crimson Folds, or spreads it's Lawn,
No more the Fields and leafy Cloverts please,
Each hugs her own, and hastes to rolling Seas,

Shows him his better Home, tho' shapeless Earth 1155
Reliev'd the Womb, and caught the falling Birth.

So the sad Bride, whom the long-reckon'd Day,
And child-bed Pains confine to tedious Stay,
Far from the lov'd Abode all pensive lies;
Enfeebling Birth the wonted Strength denies. 1160

But when just Time has set th' unjoynted Bones,
New-strung the Nerves, and strain'd their slacken'd
Tones,

She warm enwraps the Babe, nor brooks Delay,
Hurries along, and soon devours the Way.

At length the Dame arrives; with weeping Joy 1165
Clasps the dear Child, and shakes the pleasing Toy,
Talks idly fond, bids him admire his Home,
And gay Amusements of each furnish'd Room.
The list'ning Infant turns his little Eyes,
And void of reas'ning Thought by smiling Looks re-
plies. 1170

Good Gods! how tender is the Parent Love!
Their raviht Hearts what earning Transports move!
All Kinds that move in Ocean, Earth, or Air
Alike the Charms of Piety revere.
Fondly the Savage licks her shapeless Young, 1175
And smooths his Ringlets with her scurfy Tongue.

The

The careful Birds bring home the hourly Feast,
 While unfledg'd Chirpers flicker in the Nest.
 Ev'n rav'nous Fish defend their helpless Fry,
 Forewarn their Dangers, and their Wants supply. 1180

Not Men alone their lovely Offspring prize
 Sweet as their Lives, and dearer than their Eyes;
 Unreas'ning Souls the same Propensions move,
 Man can claim no Prerogative from Love.
 One Instinct runs thro' All. ——— 1185

Hunters from far the roaring Challenge dread,
 When Monarch-Lions with majestick Tread,
 Their princely Train thro' all the Forrest lead. }

The Royal Dam looks round with proud Disdain,
 Lashes her Sides, and curls her flowing Mane; 1190

No Danger fears, but willing to engage
 With chafing Jaws she churns the frothy Rage.

Redoubled Fires flash from her rolling Eyes,
 Clods scatter'd flie, and dusty Columns rise.

Roaring She frights the Herd, and shakes the Plain, 1195

Mocks the flung Stone, and knaps the Spear in twain;
 Still guards her Young, the Hunter's Motion thwarts,
 And wrenches from her Sides the reeking Darts.

But when Death hovers o'er her swimming Eyes,
 And clotted on the Ground Life's wasted Treasure lies,

When doubtful Staggers own the killing Wound,
Regardless of her self She looks around,
O'er the dear Cub her sinking Head reclines,
In Death defends, nor at her Fate repines.
But dreads to see the Wretch a Captive made,
To hear him roar, and call in vain for Aid,
When close confin'd he strives with bootless Rage,
Unsheaths his Claws, and beats the sounding Cage;
With her blind Whelps the snarling Mother lies,
Uneasy grins, and frets at ev'ry Noise;
Familiar once, but now with growling Threats
The fearful Shepherd She unkindly treats,
Nor licks the bounteous Hand, (ev'n Love provokes)
Nor fisks the Tail, or fawns at gentle Stroaks.

When the lone Cow repeats her daily Moan,
A soft Compassion moves the sturdy Clown.
From lowing Vales the undulating Air
To ev'ry Mountain tells the Dam's Despair.
Oft pensive She reviews the once-lov'd Place,
Where on the Bank She prest the yielding Grass,
Or the calm Shelter of the cooler Wood,
Where with her Calf She chew'd the grateful Cud;
Then restless walks, and rounds the Hedge again,
Looks o'er the Gate, and eyes the winding Lane.

Oft

Oft have the lift'ning Streams the Osprey heard, 1235
When to the whisp'ring Reeds the injur'd Bird
Of Eggs unhatch'd, or callow Young bereav'd,
In ruthful Cries has told how much She griev'd.
The Mother Nightingale, when childless made,
With mournful Musick fills the lonely Glade. 1236

What pungent Sorrows must the Parent feel,
When idle Swains the downy Songsters steal?
They thoughtless from the Nest the Brood convey;
She in sad murm'ring pines the tedious Day,
At Night the melancholly Strain renews; 1237
Harmonious Complaints ungrateful Man accuse.

How passionate the Swallow tells her Wrong,
When some fell Serpent has devour'd her Young,
Or Churl pull'd down her Nest? She sorrowing flies,
Chatters aloud, and long repeats her fruitless Cries. 1240

Full of the tender Thought, with anxious Care
The *Dolphins* watch, and guard their Infant Pair,
While they in nimble Race the Tail expand,
Insult the Waves, and Subject Seas command.
Each Parent Fish her Young in Danger hides, 1245
Nurtures the Fry, and in her Likeness prides.

But the *Sea-Dog* uncommon Toil endures,
While She her Young from dreaded Harm secures.

Within

Within her Womb the Dam receives again
The pressing Burden, and renews her Pain:
To the known Place, when struck with sudden Fear,
The Whelps return, and will ungrateful tear
Those tender Parts; safe in the close Retreat
Escape their Dangers, and their Fears forget;
Again, when all's secure, the Womb release,
Force out their Way, and venture on the Seas.

The same fond Care commends the thorny *Skate*,
When ravenous Shoals the Prey impatient wait.
She distant Waters eyes with kind Distrust,
Knows when all's safe, and when her Fears are just.
Nor will her Womb again her Offspring hide;
Two spacious Cavities, on either Side
Below her Gills, the trembling Fry receive,
When guilty Seas the careful Parent grieve.
While the fierce Foes unguarded Shoals surprize,
In safe Recess the prickly Darling lies,
No Dangers fears, tho' rolling Waters swell,
And angry Host of coming Monsters tell.

Others, when ought disturbs the ravag'd Seas,
And trembling Young their conscious Fears express,
Extend their Jaws, and show the safer Way;
The frightened Stragglers soon the Call obey,

Within

Within the concave Roof uninjur'd rest,
 Safe as the Chirper in his mossy Nest.
 Thus the *Blem-Sharks* secure from chasing Foes
 Within their widen'd Mouths their Young enclose.
 Beneath the circling Arch they fearless hide,
 Tho' bulky Forms drive on the rising Tide.
 Of all *Oviparous* Kinds that throng the Seas,
 Whose num'rous Shoals from spermy Heaps increase,
 The fond *Blem-Sharks* in tender Care surpass:
 With what Concern they wait the teeming Mass!
 What anxious Fears confess their secret Love,
 Lest the Birth failing should abortive prove
 While most their Eggs to Chance regardless leave,
 They watch their Spawn, the slow Eformation grieve,
 Nature's faint Progress in the Work accuse,
 Till rip'ning Hours the vig'rous Life infuse.
 They near their Fondlings, like some careful Nurse,
 Observe their Motions, and restrain their Course,
 Eye ev'ry Wave, and show the doubtful Way,
 Teach where to hunt, and where to find the Prey.
 When big with secret Guilt the Waters heave,
 They in their Mouths their shelter'd Young receive.
 But when the Waves at their own Leisure roll,
 And no fierce Robber drives the scatter'd Shoal,

Again

Again the Parent's pointed Jaws compress
By Force expell them from their pleasing Rest.

But void of all Remorse the *Tunnies* feed
On their own Spawn, and gulp th' enliven'd Seed;
With strange Repast the cruel Parents blest
Devour their Eggs, and praise the monstrous Feast.

Some Kinds without the nuptial Labours breed,
Nor own the common Origine of Seed;
Oysters self-bred in rocky Crannies grow,
Nor to the painful Birth their Being owe.
Some spring Spontaneous from the genial Slime;
No curious Frame, or work of slower Time
Nature on them bestows; but form'd in Haste
In ready Clay the Mould is easy cast.
In these no Difference of Sex appears,
No Male sheds down the Spawn, nor Female bears.

The *Spirlings* thus their idle Lives begin,
No ancient Lineage boast, or gen'rous Kin.
When prest by mighty *Jove* the swelling Clouds
From their moist Fleeces pour the noisy Floods,
Collected Show'rs their falling Forces joyn,
Beat on the Deep, and bubble up the Brine:
The Waves dilut'd with the tasteless Rain
Vext raise their Foam, and stir the chafing Main.

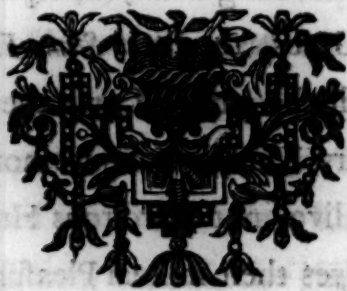
Soon

Soon new-created Shoals of *Spirlings* play,
Shine on the Waves, and brighten all the Sea,
By unknown Loves, and Ways uncommon bred
All o'er the Seas the thronging Legions spread.

As constant Tides observe their stated Time,
Returning Currents raise the troubled Slime;
That mixt is in the rolling Waters lost,
Wafted afar, and on the Billows tost,
Till purging Winds the winnow'd Ocean sweep,
Force on the Draught, and form the worthless Heap.
To ev'ry Shore the Floods their Load convey,
And leave behind the Refuse of the Sea.
On tainted Sands the mingled Ordure lies,
And waits the Influence of warmer Skies.
The loosen'd Parts, vex't with the active Heat,
Clog the dull Air, and reeky Moisture sweat;
Unwholesome Scents breath from the vap'ry Store,
And the gross Steams creep slowly round the Shore.
Then from the teeming Filth, and putrid Heap,
Like Summer Grubs, the little *Slime-Fish* creep.
Devour'd by All the passive Curse they own,
Opprest by ev'ry Kind, but injure none.
Harmless they live, nor murd'rous Hunger know,
But to themselves their mutual Pleasures owe;

Each other lick, and the close Kifs repeat;
 Thus loving thrive, and praise the luscious Treat.
 When they in Throngs a safe Retirement seek,
 Where pointed Rocks the rising Surges break,
 Or where calm Waters in their Bason sleep,
 While chalky Cliffs o'erlook the shaded Deep,
 The Seas all gilded o'er the Shoal betray,
 And shining Tracks inform their wand'ring Way.

As when soft Snows, brought down by Western Gales,
 Silent descend and spread on all the Vales;
 Add to the Plains, and on the Mountains shine,
 While in chang'd Fields the starving Cattle pine,
 Nature bears all one Face, looks coldly bright,
 And mourns her lost Variety in White,
 Unlike themselves the Objects glare around,
 And with false Rays the dazzled Sight confound:
 So, where the Shoal appears, the changing Streams
 Lose their Sky-blew, and shine with silver Gleams.



The Body could no more be thus contained

For still the rooted Foot nor fasteneth the Hand

Without Impression, Aid, the keeping Eyes

Would not be closed, but when the Guardian

Again beholds; but when the Guardian

Joins the Obedience, then the Mind

To God do all, then the Mind

Joins the Obedience, then the Mind

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THE SECOND BOOK OF OPPIAN'S HALIEUTICKS.

THUS have I sung, how scaly Nations rove,
What Food they seek, what Pastures they ap-
prove;

How all the busy Wantons of the Seas
Soft Loves repeat, and form the new Increase.

But whence could Man the wond'rous Secret know?
To some kind Pow'r he must the Blessing owe,
Who to his View the hidden Depths expos'd,
Uncover'd all th' Abyss, and the vast Scene disclos'd.
For what great Work has Man unaided wrought?
Heav'n gives the Means, and Heav'n inspires the
Thought.

Did not assisting Influence from above
With unseen Force the passive Agents move,

The Body could no more it's Parts command,
Nor Stir the rooted Foot, nor stretch the stiffen'd Hand.
Without superiour Aid, the sleeping Eyes 15
Would darken'd ever close, nor blithsome Skies
Again behold; but when the Guardian bids,
Joyous the Orbs unfold their op'ning Lids.
The Gods do all; from Heav'n our Actions guide
Distant yet Near, and o'er our Wills preside. 20
We must the grand Necessity obey,
Unwilling shall pursue the destin'd Way.
Better we reluctant did submit:
Th' unruly Colt may champ the frothy Bit,
Restiff uprear the Hoof, and prance around, 25
Race angry o'er th' unequal ridgy Ground:
Such headstrong Fury but augments his Pain,
At length he must obey the turning Rein.
When Heav'n commands, 'tis Folly to deny;
The Gods will govern, and the Wise comply, 30
Nor strive to deviate from th' allotted Course,
Left manag'd after with ungentle Force
They hear the founding Lash, and bleeding feel
Th' unjoyous Pressure of the galling Steel.

To those indulgent Pow'rs Mankind below 35
All gainful Arts, and useful Science owe.

The

The Gods, distinguish'd hence by awful Names,
Declare their Office, and assert their Claims.

And thus deriv'd each sacred Title shows
What Gifts on Man each bounteous God bestows.

Ceres describ'd the Farmer's annual Toil,
What artful Rules improve the barren Soil.

She taught to yoke th' unwilling Ox, to sow

The harrow'd Ridge, to hold the bending Plough;

To guide the brighten'd Share with steady Hands,

Force up the Turf, and break the fallow'd Lands.

Hence rising Fields their yellow Harvest bear,

And wavy Autumn crowns the ripen'd Year.

To shape the Beam, the Joyces firmly joyn,

Stretch the wide Roof, and the slop'd Arch incline,

To carve the Pillar, and the Dome to raise

Pallas first taught, and *Pallas* claims the Praise.

She too the gainful Secret did reveal,

To draw the Woof, and twirl the murmur'ing Wheel.

Men curious try'd, by her Assistance led,

To fix the Loom, and weave the thwarting Thread.

The pointed Spear, the Breast-plate's polish'd Brass,

The glitt'ring Sword, and Helmet's plumed Grace,

With all the dreadful Engin'ry of War,

Are *Mars* his Choice, and fierce *Bellona's* Care.

Apollo,

Apollo, and the sacred *Nine* inspire
Strains worthy them, and fan the Poet's Fire.
But subtle *Hermes* smooths the oily Tongue
To move the Passions of the ravish'd Throng.
He taught Athletic Slights, and dusty Toil,
To ward the Blow, and give th' inglorious Foil.
Vulcan first taught to mould the stubborn Mass,
To form the sparkling Steel, and flowing Brass.

Mankind with all their Search could never know
What Natives glide in Liquid Worlds below.
Those mirkfome Deeps, and Regions far conceal'd
That blest immortal Pow'r to Man reveal'd,
Who cleft the Earth, and winding Furrows made,
Where Rivers glide beneath the reedy Shade;
Who distant Bounds to rolling Waves assign'd,
And scatter'd Fluids in one Void confin'd,
Who lofty rais'd the rocky Barriers round,
And with the sandy Brim encircled Waters crown'd.
Whether that God the Name of *Neptune* bears,
Or *Nereus* better pleas'd, or *Phorcys* hears,
Whatever Names the Deities approve,
May all agree, Immortal Pow'rs above,
Demons of Earth, Those that Aerial fly,
And drench their Pinions in the liquid Sky,

And

And the Green-Gods, that midst the Waters spread 8;
Their sinewy Arms, and shake their dropping Head,
May all propitious guard the Royal Pair,
Thee, Mighty Prince, and the World's growing Heir.
May they protect the Nations, nor refuse
To hear the Song, and aid th' aspiring *Muse*. 96
No curbing Law restrains the greedy Shoals,
No Sense of Wrong th' ungovern'd With controlls.
O'er all the Seas their Food they ravenous seek,
And stronger Kinds feast on the injur'd weak.
Selfish alike each minds his private Good, 98
All in their Turns pursue, and are pursu'd.
Some on meer Force depend; they nimble sweep
Thro' parting Floods, and eddy all the Deep.
Their wider Jaws a Magazine disclose
Of pointed Teeth, that shine in double Rows. 100
While some on Stores of venom'd Juice confide,
And in close Cells the noxious Treasures hide.
Others with sharpen'd Spikes are arm'd around,
Erect the Spears, and strike the killing Wound.
Weak puny Forms unequal War decline, 105
By wily Fraud they act, and close Design.
Such Prudence oft o'er thoughtless Strength prevails;
Force may, but well laid Cunning seldom fails.

The

The Pow'r of latent Charms the *Cramp-Fish* know,
Tho' soft their Bodies, and their Motion flow. 110
Unseen, foreboding Chance of future Prey,
The crafty Sluggards take their silent Way.
Stretcht from each Side they point their magick Wands,
Whose icy Touch the strongest Fin commands,
Quick thro' the whole it shoots the rushing Pain, 115
Freezes the Blood, and thrills in ev'ry Vein;
Strikes all that dare approach with strange Surprize,
Stiffens the Fin, and dims the mazed Eyes.
Conscious of secret Pow'r, a Gift divine,
On Sands, as dead, the *Cramp-Fish* lies supine, 120
Thus careless stretcht a wide Destruction makes,
And wand'ring Shoals without her Labour takes.
Fixt sudden they the numming Torpor feel;
The Parts contract, the Fluids all congeal.
No more the busy Messengers of Sense 125
Motion around, and conscious Life dispense;
Nor flowing Streams the circling Heat diffuse,
But the chill'd Parts forget their former Use.
While urg'd by pleasing Hopes, to fresh Repast
The wily *Cramp-Fish* moves with aukward Haft, 130
Oft, as the nimble Swimmers heedless pride
In active Course, and curling Streams divide,
They

They lifeless stretch by sudden Pains confin'd,
 And secret Chains the fetter'd Captives bind.
 No more they wanton dive, or giddy roam,
 Vault on the Seas, and vex the rising Foam;
 Dull Rest they now, and fatal Slumbers love,
 Nor backward can retreat, nor forward move.

As when in Dreams imagin'd Forms appear,
 When dreaded Sounds we distant seem to hear,
 Or shady Ghosts with silent Horror rise,
 And Spectres glare before the sleeping Eyes,
 Fearful of coming Ills we sweating lie,
 And willing would from fancy'd Dangers fly:
 Rooted we stand, the Heart incessant beats,
 And hasty Strokes the quicker Pulse repeats.
 Lab'ring to move we seem to strive in vain,
 While pond'rous Clogs the struggling Feet retain.

With such a binding Force the *Cramp-Fish* stays
 The swiftest Fish, and strikes with dizzy Maze.
 One Touch of her's dams up the vital Flood,
 Contracts the Nerves, and clots the stagnate Blood.

Hid in the Slime the *Toad* of Form uncouth
 (That Fish is all one vast extended Mouth)
 Her tender Body wraps, on Prey intent,
 And silent there concerts the great Event.

What softer Skin, and slower Pace deny,
 Wife Foresight and successful Frauds supply.
 Within her Jaws a fleshy Fibre lies,
 Whose Whiteness, grateful Scent, and Worm-like
 Size

160

Attract the Shoals, and charm their longing Eyes.
 She to allure oft shakes the tempting Bait;
 They eager press, and hurry on their Fate.
 But as they near approach, with subtle Art
 The wily *Toad* contracts th' inviting Part;
 Till giddy Numbers thus decoy'd she draws
 Within the Circle of her widen'd Jaws.

The Fowler thus the feather'd Race deceives,
 And strows beneath his Snare the rifled Sheaves.
 The busy Flocks peck up the scatter'd Seed,
 Nor midst their Joy the fatal Engine heed;
 Till with loud Clap the tilted Cover falls,
 And the close Pit the fluttering Prey enthralls.

Sea-Toads with Foxes may for Cunning vie,
 These too (as Rusticks tell) will feign to die.
 Stretched at full Length the mimic Carcass lies,
 The Teeth are set, and fixt the closing Eyes;
 The Hypocrite low draws his silent Breath,
 Expressing well the leaden Sleep of Death.

Perch'd

Perch'd on her Bough the wanton Chirper mocks 176
 The quiet harmless Posture of the Fox.
 To distant Flocks she sings the pleasing Tale;
 All glad descend, and hover o'er the Vale,
 Oft whet the Bill, oft turn the busy Head,
 And with vain Pride insult the seeming dead.
 He watches, as they move, with guilty Eyes,
 Till nimble Jaws the vent'rous Bird surprize.
 His rav'nous Teeth the little Songster tear;
 Ah luckless Wretch! thy Death is too sincere.
 Wide gapes her Breast, he sucks the reeking Wound, 180
 While downy Flakes lie scatter'd on the Ground.

Parts aptly form'd preserve the *Cuttle-Fish*
 From stormy Rage, and Hunger's pining Wish;
 Long Fibres num'rous branch around his Head,
 Like twisted Hairs, or Lines of fine-spun Thread. 185
 With these the subtle Angler patient waits,
 The Prey entangles, and her Hunger fates.
 With these, when Tempests rage, they twining fold
 The jetting Cliff, nor quit the safer Hold.
 No Ship in Harbour moor'd so careless rides,
 Less fears the driving Storms, and beating Tides.

The little *Prawn*, tho' arm'd with pointed Spears,
 Yet weak and slow, unequal Combat fears.

But by the *Sea-Wolf's* rav'nous Force oppress'd,
He with the Means of sweet Revenge is blest.
Within his Jaws enclos'd he furious bounds,
Strikes at the Roof, and leaves the killing Wounds.
The careless *Wolf* of tastful Prey possess'd
Regards no Pain, but gluttons on the Feast.
Till soon thro' all the deadly Gangrene spreads,
And putrid Bane the fretting Ulcer feeds.
From rankled Sores the gnawing Pains increase,
And now the Wretch his destin'd End foresees,
Despairing pines, and racking Torture feels:
No friendly Hand the growing Ulcer heals.
Oft has the *Wolf* the bearded Squadrons fought,
And oft the luscious Food too dearly bought.
No Pity to the shelly Race was shown,
'Twas therefore just their Fate should prove his own.
They wound with Pain, what they with Pleasure fill,
Subdue their Conquerour, and dying kill.

Enwrapt in softer Slime the *Sea-Cow* dwells,
Who ev'ry Sea-bred Kind in Breadth excells.
To twice six Cubits stretcht their flatted Sides
Press down the lab'ring Waves, and smooth the Tides.
Unarm'd their Body, tho' with monstrous Size
And bulky Form they strike the wond'ring Eyes.

Born

Born on the struggling Floods that broad-back'd *Ray*
Unwieldy lolls, and takes up all the Way.
Few are their Teeth, unfit for martial Toil,
Thin set, nor made to seize the doubtful Spoil.
But Schemes well-laid they resolute pursue,
And by superior Fraud ev'n Man subdue.
Man is their choicest Food, and when possess'd
Of a fat Corps, they scorn the meaner Feast.
They mark, when daring Mortals plunge below,
Where Pearls are hid, and Coral Branches grow;
Then hover o'er the Place, and float at ease,
Stretch on the Waves, and shade the cover'd Seas.
With patient Hope unmov'd their Station keep,
Till from the secret Chambers of the Deep
Laden with Spoils the Diver mounts again,
Nor can the Surface reach with all his Pain.
By wonted Arts he strives himself to raise,
But o'er his Head th' unwelcome Pressure stays.
Poiz'd on the Floods the Cieling hangs above,
No human Force the vaulted Roof can move.
Kept back from look'd-for Day the Mortal grieves,
In vain the pressing Lid his Shoulder heaves;
His weaker Trust the stubborn Weight withstands,
And backward sinks him down to lowest Sands.

If

If he swims forward, and the Surface leaves,
 The subtle Fish the vain Attempt perceives;
 Still hangs aloof, and o'er his pensive Head
 The Shades unwilh'd their gloomy Covert spread. 255
 Till weary'd Arms their toilsome Work refuse,
 But faintly strike, and catch the yielding Ooze.

As when the falling Lid with quick Surprise
 Close in the Trap confines th' unwary Mice,
 Immur'd they search the concave Prison round, 260
 Hurry despairing, and impatient bound;
 As well they might the fruitless Labour cease,
 No friendly Gap affords a kind Release;
 Till wanton Boys the trembling Wretch relieve,
 Free from Confinement, but of Life bereave. 265

Such is the Toil, when vent'rous Divers meet
 The floating Roof, and push the pressing Weight.
 Stretcht on the wat'ry Plain unmov'd it lies,
 And open Air, and lightsome Day denies:
 Till swallow'd Waves an easy Passage find, 270
 And in it's latest Breath Life mingles with the Wind.
 Thus proud of her Success the spreading Ray
 By Stratagem obtains the noblest Prey.

As in some mossy Cave the Fishing Swain
 At Leisure sits, and views the wavy Main, 275

Of

Oft he beholds how *Crabs* their Watches keep,
And wait the Motions of the shelly Heap.
Oysters around on cliffy Peaks are hung,
To rocky Beds, and cranny'd Jettings clang.
Immur'd they lie close in the pearly Shell,
But cannot long their juicy Stores conceal;
Moisture they seek, and then no longer hid
Loosen'd they gape, and heave the upper Lid.
The *Crab* observes, and to the sandy Mounds,
Where polish'd Stones the whirling Eddy rounds,
He busy creeps along, with forked Claws
From the loose Heap the flinty Pebble draws.
Thus burden'd, silent to the *Oyster* steals,
And wedges fast the Stone between the Shells.
Divided thus no more the Parts are clos'd,
But all the luscious Sweets must lie expos'd.
By prosp'rous Fraud he gains the envy'd Meal,
And drags the panting Captive from his Cell.
The prickly *Star* creeps on with like Deceit,
To force the *Oyster* from his close Retreat.
When gaping Lids their widen'd Void display,
The watchful *Star* thrusts in a pointed Ray,
Of all its Treasure spoils the rifled Case;
And empty Shells the sandy Hillocks grace.

In

In clouded Depths below the *Nacre* hides, 300
 And thro' the silent Paths obscurely glides;
 A stupid Wretch, and void of thoughtful Care,
 He forms no Bait, nor lays the tempting Snare.
 But the dull Sluggard boasts a kinder Friend,
 Whose busy Eyes the coming Prey attend. 305
 One Room contains them; and the Partners dwell
 Beneath the Convex of one sloping Shell.
 Deep in the wat'ry Vast the Comrades rove,
 And mutual Int'rest binds their constant Love.
 That wiser Friend the lucky Juncture tells, 310
 When in the Circuit of his gaping Shells
 Fish wand'ring enter; then the bearded Guide
 Warns the dull Mate, and pricks his tender Side.
 He knows the Hint, nor at the Treatment grieves,
 But hugs th' Advantage, and the Pain forgives. 315
 His closing Shells the *Nacre* sudden joyns.
 And 'twixt the pressing Sides his Prey confines.
 Thus fed by mutual Aid, the friendly Pair
 Divide their Gains, and all the Plunder share. 320

Men are not all with equal Knowledge blest; 320
 Man differs more from Man, than Man from Beast.
 The prudent Mind by studious Labour taught
 Wise Schemes pursues, and fines the ruder Draught.

While

While blockish Mortals doze their Hours away,
Or give to brutal Joys the cheated Day.
Like them the gliding Shoals, that gladsome rove
O'er liquid Fields, and Sea-green Pastures love,
Are not with equal Shares of Wit endow'd;
Heav'n has unlike the partial Gift bestow'd.
Some on the Cares of future Life intent
Consult their Welfare, and their Ills prevent;
While worthless Numbers take their giddy Way,
Cumber the Seas, and only serve for Prey.
Hear now th' instructive Song, ye thoughtless Wights,
Wedded to Sense, and fixt on mean Delights.
The Sea's dull *Sleeper* bids, that shortliv'd Fish,
In Time to curb your yet unbounded Wish.
Think on his Conduct, and remark his Fate,
And in th' insatiate Fish the Glutton hate.
In sensual Joys he squanders Life away,
Revels the Night, and slumbers out the Day.
Fixt backward on his Head the rolling Eyes
Look up, and might behold the distant Skies;
But the curst Sluggard flies the chearful Ray,
And in long Slumbers skreens the hated Day.
Midst these his Mouth it's spacious Chasm displays,
And the lewd Call of Hunger's Wish obeys.

All the bright gladfome Hours he fullen Sleeps,
Battens on Sands, or hides in flimy Heaps;
Hence call'd the *Ocean-Owl*, like Owls afraid
Of brighten'd Skies, and fond of gloomy Shade.
When the brown Dusk on flumb'ring Waters broods,
And midnight Breezes rock the murmur'ing Floods,
When darken'd Billows found with deeper Roar,
Rous'd from Repofe he quits the weedy Shore:
Hunger's loud Call bids wake from flothful Eafe,
And fearch th' unempty'd Stores of plenteous Seas.
But the lewd Wretch of ready Meals poffeff
Unfated gluts, when full begins the Feaft,
Feeds on, in midft of Plenty moft accurft,
Till the cram'd Paunch o'er-fill'd with Prefsure burft.
O'er-charg'd with Food the pamper'd Glutton lies,
Motion and Strength th' unwieldy Load denies;
Till Death's laft Pains to fatal Treats fucceed,
And hov'ring Shades the darken'd Eyes o'er-fpread.
If with kind Hand you give the Glutton Meat,
He rav'nous feeds, and will unweary'd eat,
Till his fwoln Maw with ufelefs Lumber ftow'd
Burfting at length difcharge the naufeous Load.

Like him luxurious Men their Vigour wafte,
The Throat to tickle, and indulge the Taft.

But

But future Pain the lawless Joy begets,
A Train of Ills succeeds the transient Sweets.
While ill-tim'd Feasts and midnight Revels please,
Continu'd Meals improve the hid Disease, 375
To Poyson turn the undigested Food,
And treasure up their Ills in tainted Blood.
From cruder Meats unactive Vapours rise,
The Spirits clog, and cloud the languid Eyes.
Ridges of Fat the manly Form disgrace, 380
And bloated Veins enlarge the purpled Face.
Reason's weak Light from noisome Fumes retires,
And too much Fewel choaks the smother'd Fires.
Men too unwise let go the slacken'd Rein,
But they who think will lewd Desires restrain, 385
Check the Emotion, and the Wish control,
And shun the Fate of the luxurious Owl.

Forefight and Art the prickly *Urchins* boast,
To keep the Seas, and shun the rocky Coast.
When teeming Clouds the infant Tempest form, 390
And whisp'ring Winds concert the future Storm,
They careful fear, lest forc'd to distant Lands
They dash on Rocks, or bulge on rising Sands.
Too light themselves their Motions to control
When the tenth Billows o'er their Fellows roll, 395

They Ballast seek, with busy Eyes explore
 The various Pebbles of the winding Shore,
 Choose out the Stone, and with that steady Weight
 Fixt on their Backs, the raging Waters meet.
 Thus poiz'd they careless keep their destin'd Way,⁴⁰⁰
 Nor the rude Shock of thwarting Floods obey.

All Fishers know the changing *Prekes* Deceit
 How clung to Rocks, when coming Dangers threat,
 New Forms they take, and wear a borrow'd Dress,
 Mock the true Stone, and Colours well exprefs.⁴⁰⁵
 Now o'er their liken'd Parts the Limners spread
 A mossy Green, or streak with dusky Red;
 On their soft Skin now whitish Marl imprint,
 Or raise the clouded Azure of the Flint:
 As the Rock looks, they take a diff'rent Stain,⁴¹⁰
 Dapple with Grey, or branch the livid Vein.
 Nor scaly Foes, nor Fishers curious Eyes
 Perceive the Cheat, or find the false Disguise.
 Thus they conceal'd the dreaded Danger shun,
 By borrow'd Shapes obscur'd, and lost in seeming Stone.
 But when with near Approach the weaker Prey
 Invites, her waning Colours all decay;
 No Vizard then, or mimick Form they seek;
 Vig'rous they quit the Rock, and own the real *Preke*.

When

When wint'ry Skies o'er the black Ocean frown, 420
And Clouds hang low with ripen'd Storms o'ergrown,
Close in the Shelter of some vaulted Cave
The soft-skin'd *Prekes* their porous Bodies save.
But forc'd by Want, while rougher Seas they dread,
On their own Feet necessitous are fed. 425
But when returning Spring serenest the Skies,
Nature the growing Parts anew supplies.
Again on breezy Sands the Roamers creep,
Twine to the Rocks, or paddle in the Deep.
Doubtless the God, whose Will commands the Seas, 430
Whom liquid Worlds, and wat'ry Natives please,
Had taught the Fish by tedious Wants oppress'd
Life to preserve, and be himself the Feast.

Thus, when the Clouds their snowy Burden drop,
And rising Heaps improve the Mountain's Top, 435
When Earth scarce feels the Sun's obliquer Beams,
And creeping Ice confines the lessen'd Streams,
The rough-clad Bear declines the rigorous Day,
Hides in his Den, nor hunts abroad for Prey:
Sullen he lays him down, with busy Toil 440
Licks his large Feet, and sucks the fat'ning Oil.
Thus fed with poor Repast the Savage lives,
Till with fresh Sap the wither'd Plant revives,

Till

Till lengthen'd Days the Bands of Winter loose,
And Warmth untwists the Threads of soften'd Snows.
Then he to Woods returns, with tender Feet
Roams thro' the Brakes, and seeks the wonted Treat;
Slain Beasts devours, or climbs the rifted Tree,
And steals the Labours of the painful Bee.

In Wars alternate, with embitter'd Rage,
The *Lobster*, *Lamprey*, and the *Preke* engage.
Mutual their Fate, reciprocal the Wound;
By Turns they kill, and scatter Deaths around.
Each to the other is a grateful Feast,
Successively they treat th' unwelcome Guest.
Antipathy's entail'd; the future Breed
Must to hereditary Hate succeed.

While sportive Breezes fan the gentler Wave,
From the moist Crannies, or the winding Cave
Roaming abroad for Prey, the *Lamprey* sees
Where sandy Walks the lazy Creeper please.
Rapt with glad Hopes she feeds her wistful Eyes,
And all her Strength the finless Glider tries.
Conscious the *Preke* the curling Eddy fears,
Now from the rising Beach he list'ning hears
The rolling Floods, now shudd'ring looks around,
When troubled Waves with nearer Murmurs found.

The

The joyful *Lamprey* winds along the Flood,
 And in glad Thought enjoys the coming Food:
 Bounding the mounts all eager on the Chase;
 Nor can the crawling Preke's too heavy Pace
 Escape her Rage; He must unwilling try
 War's doubtful Chance, and with hard Doom comply.
 Born on high Waves the slipp'ry Foe commands
 The nearer Shore, and darts on yielding Sands,
 No Time to fly, no Hopes of coming Aid,
 While murderous Teeth his tender Flesh invade.
 Forc'd to the Fight, the *Preke* despairing strives,
 All Postures shows, and various Schemes contrives.
 Now on her Back his twining Tendrills play,
 Now grasp her Sides, or force their heedless Way
 Down her wide Throat, now round her Tail they fold,
 To force her back, and break the fasten'd hold.
 All Parts in vain are try'd; her slipp'ry Train
 Eludes his Touch, and mocks the fruitless Pain.
 So when contending Wrestlers twine around
 In close Embrace, and beat the trampled Ground,
 Now wreath their oily Limbs, now firmly stand,
 And grasp the adverse Arm with dusty Hand;
 Their cautious Feet incessant tread the Round,
 Meet in rude Shock, and undistinguish'd found;

With

With various Shifts each others Skill perplex,
While Sweat in briny Streams flows down the Cheeks.

Like them the *Preke* his supple Members plies,
But less indulgent Fate Success denies.

Piteous the Scene, when mangled Parts employ
Remorseless Teeth, and give the cruel Joy
Along the Sands the panting Pieces reek,
And ev'n in Death a Shelter seem to seek.

So when the Stag breaths on the guilty Heaps,
Where hid from Cold the wily Serpent sleeps,
That wond'rous Spell will rouse the crested Snake,
Forc'd from the Covert of the inmost Brake.

Angry he comes, high on his Folds uprears
His speckled Form, and hides his secret Fears.

Resolv'd the Stag his fixt Design pursues,
Gripes fast the Wretch, and gives the killing Bruise.

The Snake impatient winds his twisted Train,
And knotted Wreaths express the wringing Pain.

Now round the Stag's branch'd Horns he curling twines,
Now on his Neck the glossy Circle shines.

The Stag unmov'd the restless Struggler tears,
While greenish Stain the drooping Flow'et smears.

Scatter'd around the mangled Gobbets fall,
And wriggling o'er the blasted Herbage crawl.

Nor

Nor can the *Preke* by usual Arts escape,
 And hide in borrow'd Forms the Fishy Shape.
 All are besides deceiv'd; to her alone
 Whom most he dreads his Artifice is known;
 Her curious Thought the mimick Secret learns,
 And painted Show from real Stone discerns.
 With scornful Smile the *Lamprey* seems to speak,
 And thus insults the Colour-changing *Preke*.

"Vain Trifler, can you hope by false Disguise
 "To elude my Wish, and cheat observing Eyes?
 "Since you so well express the rocky Hue,
 "If you'd be safer, take its Hardness too.
 "By potent Charms the cleaving Stone divide,
 "Enter within and there securely hide;
 "Or let the Rock its craggy Summit bend,
 "Incline the Roof, and skreen the liken'd Friend.
 "But since in changing Forms you vainly pride,
 "Learn Wretch in meaner Cunning to confide.

Thus said, her spiral Circles on she bears,
 And from the Rock the *Preke* relentless tears.
 He, tho' no more his wonted Frauds deceive,
 Hangs to the Cliff, nor will the Jetting leave.
 When other Parts are lost, the branching Feet
 Maintain their Hold, and grasp the rocky Seat.

So when sack'd Towns to hostile Fury yield, 540
 And mournful Streets with slaughter'd Heaps are fill'd,
 The raving Mother strains with close Embrace
 Her darling Babe, and hides his little Face:
 The Parent's Neck his clinging Arms enfold;
 Fear gives him Strength, and knits the firmer Hold. 545
 Nor can the Plund'ers Rage with impious Hands
 Divide the Pair, and loose their mutual Bands.
 The Dame, midst the wild Transports of Despair,
 Still clasps her weeping Babe, and minds her latest Care.

With Conquest flush'd new Wars the *Lamprey* breaths,
 In prouder State her silver Volumes wreaths:
 But urg'd by partial Hopes, and vain Conceit,
 In her last Duel will the Lobster meet.
 The well-arm'd *Lobster* clad in dusky Mail,
 Nor fears her pointed Teeth, nor winding Tail, 555
 Close by the Cave, where in the silent Shade
 The feasted *Lamprey* sinks her easy Head,
 He shakes his bearded Front, with Scorn extends
 His wrinkled Horns, and thus the Challenge sends.

As, when two adverse Hosts encamp'd delay 560
 The destin'd Fight, and wait the coming Day,
 Impatient of Repose, some bolder Chief
 Regrets lost Time, and feels his inward Grief,

Braces his Cuirass on, and grasps his Arms;
 Thus dreadful pleases, and with Terror charms;
 Erect he walks, and waves his plumed Crest,
 To Action calls, and blames inglorious Rest.
 With taunting Language, and disdainful Eyes
 The boldest Champion to the Plain defies.
 While adverse Troops the haughty Menace hear,
 Nor will the hostile Youth such Insult bear;
 With Shame he reddens, and with Anger burns,
 Accepts the Challenge, and the Scorn returns.

So from her inmost Cave, with proud Disdain,
 The soft *Sea-Lamprey* spreads her wavy Train:
 Enrag'd she comes, darts sudden from her Cell,
 Seizes the Foe, and fixes on the Shell.
 But vainly weary'd with successful Toil
 From the hard Crust the baffled Teeth recoil.
 No Entrance there the blunted Weapons find,
 No Pressure leaves th' indented Mark behind.
 At length provok'd the bearded Lobster ends
 Unequal Strife, his forked Claw extends,
 Pinches with rigid Force her yielding Sides,
 Drives back the Blood, and all the Mass divides:
 The Parts all bruis'd in racking Torture swell,
 And languid Spots declining Vigour tell.

By cruel Gripe the passive Wretch comprest
 Twines up her Tail, and rears her shining Breast.
 No Rest the *Lobster* gives, nor quits his hold;
 In vain her *Spiny* Wreaths their Circles fold.
 Restless she moves, nor can her Pains conceal,
 Clings to her Foe, and hugs the pointed Shell.
 The piercing Lancets prick each tender Vein,
 And purple Drops her beauteous Yellow stain:
 She vainly striving but augments her Pain.
 O'er his rough Back she twists the fatal Round,
 Tears her soft Skin, and gives her self the Wound.
 As when the captive Pard to bloody Sights,
 And barb'rous Sports the gazing Throng invites,
 The Champion, who the gawdy Sylvan dares,
 First by rude Din the sullen Beast prepares.
 Grimly he looks, and with malicious Leer
 Grins at the Crowd, and mocks the shining Spear.
 His unsheath'd Paws their pointed Fangs expose,
 And wrinkled Lips exert their dreadful Rows.
 Foolish he gapes, and with wide Mouth expects
 As the bold Youth his well-aim'd Blow directs.
 While grinning Jaws their open Void display,
 Down the flung Spear takes swift it's destin'd Way.

The

The yawning Beast a ready Passage gives,
And sheath'd within his Throat the whizzing Steel re-
ceives.

Th' imprudent *Lamprey*, urg'd by fierce Despite,
Thus aids the Foe, and tries the fruitless Bite.
While shelly Crufts the dusky Chief befriending,
And from rude Touch the tender Parts defend.
Madd'd with Pain, and crush'd by meeting Claws,
On the firm Plate the fond *Sea-Lamprey* gnaws:
Nor fears the rising Spikes that closely set
O'er the hard Shell their pointed Terrours threat:
But twines her Body round the sharpen'd Rows,
And the deep mortal Wounds to heedless Passion owes!

Such is the Combat, when in lone Retreats
Of silent Woods the crested Serpent meets
The Urchin's secret Track: by Nature they
The fierce Impulse of mutual Hate obey.

Approaching War the Urchin soon perceives,
And hears the distant Rustle of the Leaves.
Close in her own Embrace she shelter'd hides,
Contracts her Feet, and rounds her prickly Sides:
From ev'ry Part the thorny Bristles rise;
And thus enwrap'd, unmov'd the Urchin lies.

The

The rushing Serpent frights the Insect Race,
 Shakes the low Boughs, and bends the spiry Grass;
 Scornful he seizes midst the platted Brakes 635
 The rounding Ball, and furious Onset makes;
 With angry Jaws th' ungrateful Morfel chews,
 While the safe Urchin mocks his weaker Bruise.
 Enrag'd the Foe exerts his utmost Strength,
 Draws in his Train, and twines his shorten'd Length. 640
 Resolv'd he curls, and with a rough Embrace
 Squeezes the Ball, and binds the prickly Case.
 While oft the Urchin turns, and rolling gives
 Unnumber'd Wounds; the tortur'd Serpent grieves.
 Lost in his glossy Slough, and speckled Side, 645
 Their sharpen'd Tops the piercing Needles hide.
 Black venom'd Gore drops from the frothing Wound,
 Hangs on the drooping Herb, and stains the blasted
 Ground.
 Racking the Pain, but firm the Serpent holds,
 And hides the Urchin in his mazy Folds. 650
 Nor, fasten'd thus, could he uncurl again
 His twisted Spires, or stretch his lengthen'd Train,
 Gaunch'd on the Tenters of the prickly Beast;
 Till dying both are from their Pains releast.

But

But oft the Urchin, by the Serpent bruis'd,
Escapes with Hurt, and from the Prison loos'd
Creeps weaken'd o'er the Bank with sickly Pace,
And his fore Limbs enwraps in ranker Grass:
While fleshy Trophies on his Sides are born,
And all his prickly Back the gawdy Spoils adorn.

Like is th' Event of the unkind Embrace,
When the *Sea-Lamprey* hugs the shelly Case;
Wounds to her self by thoughtless Rage she gives,
She dies; and none the wilful Murder grieves.

But tho' firm Mail the vig'rous *Lobster* shields,
Yet to the flow the tender *Preke* he yields.
Beneath the Rock, where eating Eddies round
The shelving Cave, and plain in murm'ring Sound,
As void of Care the bearded *Lobster* lies,
The crawling *Preke* hasts to the destin'd Prize.
Behind with wary Steps he softly creeps,
And on the sounding Armour sudden leaps;
Spreads all his knotty Arms; they close entwin'd
The dusky Shell with painful Pressure bind,
With stubborn Squeeze the tortur'd Parts constrain,
And with firm Braces fix the rounding Chain.
His straighten'd Jaws the throttling Ties compress,
Dam up the Way, and make the Channel less.

His

His Mouth chok'd up no flitting Blast receives,
Nor to the airy Stream the wonted Passage gives.
Life's Vehicle deny'd, the *Lobster* dies,
And dizzy Shades enwrap his horny Eyes.
For Fishes too must yield to chilling Death,
When ought shall stop the constant Flux of Breath.
They too like Earth-bred Animals respire;
Alternate Gusts maintain the vital Fire.

But long, e're spent with Toil, the *Lobster* strives,
Now vigorous shoots away, or sudden dives,
Plies his broad Tail, and cuts the rolling Flood,
Oft heaves his Back, and shakes the pressing Load;
Now weary'd stays, and weaker Efforts tries,
Now pants despairing, and now bursting dies.
The *Preke* unmov'd will ne'er his Station quit,
Nor pressing Arms their close Embrace remit.
When stretch'd on Sands the *Lobster* breathless lies,
Then soon his folded Chains the *Preke* unties.
And, like the busy Infant at the Breast,
Sucks from the shelly Pipes the luscious Feast.

As the curst Wretch, in hardy Mischief prov'd,
Untouch'd with Pity, and with Guilt unmov'd,
Hid in the narrow Turn of winding Streets,
From late Debauch the gay Companion meets;

He

He jocund stumbles on, nor ought designs,
Doz'd with the circling Pledge of unmixt Wines:
Unweening future Doom he reels along,
In fault'ring Accents hums a broken Song; 709
Fumes cloud the Brain, and sink the nodding Head,
And doubtful Feet in mazy Figures tread.
When sudden starting from his guilty Shades,
The Thief behind with hardy Grasp invades,
Back pulls him down, and gives the gushing Wound; 710
He groaning falls, and dying bites the Ground.
With Haft the Villain, fearful of Delay,
Strips the warm Dead, and bears the Spoils away.

Thus when the *Lobster*, lull'd by murmur'ing Seas,
Clings to the Rock reclin'd in thoughtless Ease, 711
Unseen the wily *Preke* impetuous springs,
And all his branching Arms around the Captive flings.

These, of all Kinds that curl the wrinkled Waves,
That press the Sands, or hide in dropping Caves,
Impartial Foes, as if they Kindness meant, 720
By mutual Hate each others Wrongs resent.
Successive Deaths the fatal Circle tread,
Attend the Victor, and avenge the Dead.

Of Fishes some with venom'd Bane are stor'd,
Their hated Mouths the noxious Secret hoard. 725

The deadly Juice drops in the wounded Part,
Enflames the whole, and mocks the healing Art.
Him most the Fishers dread, in hideous Form
And Name agreeing with that reptile Worm,
Whose Sides a double Row of Legs display, 730
That print a thousand Footsteps on the Clay.
Like him the Sea-born Monster o'er the Main
With num'rous Feet rows on his waving Train.
One Touch of these will angry Blotches raise;
The blister'd Flesh it's redd'ning Wales displays. 735
As when the well-known Weed with pointed Leaf
Thro' unseen Wounds injects the stinging Grief,
In Spots around the scarlet Venom spreads,
And rising Pustules show their ruddy Heads;
So touch'd by them, we feel the burning Pains 740
Itch in the Skin, and tingle in the Veins.

In gawdy Show the various *Rainbow* prides,
But beauteous Look a secret Poyson hides,
A dreaded Foe to those who dive below,
Where on hard Beds the porous Sponges grow, 745
From it's lov'd Moisture bear the Heap away,
And bring the rancid Substance to the Day.
When the gay Shoals perceive the prying Guest,
Envious they throng, and all his Search molest;

With

With venom'd Teeth th'encumber'd Wretch surround,
Bite ev'ry Part, and suck the pleasing Wound.
Tho' clog'd by whelming Waves he flouncing strives,
Flings round his Arms, and back the Wantons drives.
Oft struck they can't forego the tempting Food,
Such is their ardent Thirst of human Blood. 755

So when full Ears scarce hold the ripen'd Grains,
And of rude Gales the whisp'ring Field complains,
When Reapers pine with Toil and sultry Heat,
The buzzing Squadrons scent the grateful Sweat;
On ev'ry Part they light, roam busy round, 760
Tickle the Face, and raise the ruddy Wound.
The Peasant fans them off, but they again
Wanton return, and strike the itching Pain.
Boldly impertinent the Lab'rer vex,
Buz round his Eyes, and bask upon his Cheeks; 765
Nor will the restless Swarms their Sport forego,
Till dead they fall prest by the quicker Blow;
Or cloy'd with Pleasure wing their silent Way,
And shun the Cool of the declining Day.

The crawling *Preke* a deadly Juice contains, 770
Injected Poyson fires the wounded Veins.
Soft *Cuttle-Fish*, that stain the flowing Tide
With inky Streams, more dreaded Moisture hide.

Nor small the Wound like that the *Rainbow* gives;
 But raging Pain the glowing Member grieves. 775
 From their curst Mouths the dropping Fires distill,
 Enflame the Blood, and shed the spreading Ill.

The prickly *Gudgeon*, that alternate dwells.
 In sandy Coverts, or in rocky Cells;
 Fierce *Scorpions*, who their waving Volumes wreath, 780
 Or vault above, or glide unseen beneath;
Weevers, whose March the tim'rous Shoals obey,
 Divide their Ranks, and humbly give the Way;
 The *Swallow-Fish*, that sports with equal Ease
 Or poiz'd in Air, or born on grosser Seas; 785
 The ravenous *Sea-Hog*, and the prickly *Hound*,
 Whose piercing Bristles multiply the Wound;
 All venom'd Juice in hollow Tubes retain,
 And, as they prick, inject the flowing Bane.

Sharp poison'd Darts the dreaded *Fire-Flairs* aid, 790
 And hardy *Sword-Fish* wield the threatening Blade.
 Nature and Time the growing Part produce,
 Finish it's Length, and teach the murd'rous Use.
 Nor burnish'd Steel, nor Plates of flaming Brass
 In solid Work the fishy Snout surpass. 795
 Struck with it's Point, the sounding Stone gives Way,
 And shatter'd Rocks their secret Veins display.

The

The *Fire-Flair's* Tail it's venom'd Shaft contains;
 Nor Time nor Waft the pois'nous Treasure drains.
 Murd'rous alike they ravage all the Sea,
 First give the mortal Wound, then seize the Prey.
 In this they differ; when the *Sword-Fish* dies,
 Extinct with him the mould'ring Weapon lies.
 Despis'd and harmless now, the worthless Bone
 No longer boasts the Sword, but useles grown
 Henceforth it's martial Nature must disown.
 Not so the *Fire-Flair's* Dart; that still survives
 The dying Fish, and in it's Venom lives.

Man killing Arts has too industrious sought,
 And murd'rous Science to Perfection brought.
 For guilty Hands design'd, the footy Trade
 On founding Anvils shapes the temper'd Blade.
 Revengeful *Persians* not with Wounds content
 Mix curfed Herbs, and deadly Juice ferment.
 Too curious Search Death's hidden Stores reveals,
 How Fate in Plants and pois'nous Powder dwells.
 But of all Ills, that Art from Nature steals,
 That Seas produce, or Earth's dark Womb conceals,
 None equal that the *Ray-like Fire-Flair* bears;
 No dreaded Stroke, no killing wound like hers.

All Things must yield; the dire Infection's such,
 The solid Flint would moulder at the Touch.
 When rising Shrubs their spreading Branches shoot,
 Pride in their Leaves, or joy in rip'ning Fruit,
 If with the *Fire-Flair's* Spear the Hand unkind
 But grate the Root, or prick the tender Rind,
 The Leaves shrink in, and all the Glories fade,
 Rich Sap no more is thro' the Pipes convey'd,
 No kind Supplies flow round the porous Stem,
 Cast a bright Green, and swell the smiling Gem,
 But killing Juices all the Fibres taint,
 And tarnish'd Verdure tells the fatal Want.
 Dry Stalks now rattle on the Ground reclin'd,
 Where Shades once trembled at the wanton Wind.

Circe, who all the secret Poisons knew,
 Or wash'd by Seas, or nourish'd by the Dew,
 Midst all the deadly Treasures of her Art
 Most valu'd kept the *Fire-Flair's* venom'd Dart.
 To it's long taper Shaft the fishy Spoil
 The Goddess joyns, and fits for martial Toil,
 On her lov'd Son, whom in a conscious Grot
 Wand'ring from *Troy* the *Grecian* Chief begot,
Circe the Prize, the fatal Gift bestows,
 Describes it's Use, and the hid Venom shows.

He

He fought his Sire, till led by doubtful Fame ⁸⁴⁵
 To rocky Coasts of *Ithaca* he came.
 Here on his Father's Goats with youthful Pride
 His fatal Spear the wanton Warrior try'd;
 Around the Plain contagious Slaughters made,
 And on rank Heaps the bearded Victims laid. ⁸⁵⁰
 While careless he the pleasing Sport pursues,
 The flying Herdsmen tell th' unwelcome News.
 The Chief incens'd recalls his youthful Haft,
 To seize the Robber, and prevent the Wast.
 But with blind Rage the Parricide possest ⁸⁵⁵
 Assaults his Sire, and wounds his aged Breast.
 Thro' boiling Veins the glowing Poisons roll,
 And with dire Pains expell the ling'ring Soul.
 Thus He, who dar'd the Dangers of the Main,
 While Surges roll'd, and Tempests rag'd in vain, ⁸⁶⁰
 His fated End in Sea-bred Venom found,
 And from the *Fire-Flair's* Dart receiv'd his mortal
 Wound.

Vast *Tunnies* o'er the watry Surface sweep,
 And the fierce *Sword-Fish* rolls the calmer Deep.
 Tho' swift their Pace, tho' Fate attends their Strokes,
 A worthless Fly the mighty Fish provokes.

When

When the curst Dog begins the sultry Days,
 And fev'rish Vapours taint the kinder Rays,
 Then fearless of the Waves the Ocean-Breez
 Broods on the Waters, and infects the Seas: 870
 Beneath the shelt'ring Fin the Insects hide,
 And goad with pois'nous Sting the tender Side.
 Vext with the puny Foe the *Tunnies* leap,
 Flounce on the Stream, and toss the mantling Deep;
 Ride o'er the foaming Seas, with Torture rave, 875
 Bound into Air, and dash the smoking Wave.
 Oft with imprudent Haft they fly the Main,
 And seek in Death a kind Release from Pain;
 Vault on some Ship, or to the Shores repair,
 And gasp away their hated Lives in Air. 880

So when from reeking Vales Autumnal Days
 Sulphureous Steams, and ranker Vapours raife,
 With circling Tail, and wild distorted Eyes
 Thro' rustling Brakes the madded Heifer flies,
 With sounding Hoof the heathy Common beats, 885
 While far behind the hollowing Peasant sweats.
 Driv'n by the Pain, when the fierce Gad-Bee strikes,
 Nor Fence of twisted Hedge, nor slimy Dikes
 Retain the Beast; but o'er the shelving Steep
 And clotty Ridge she takes the doubtful Leap. 890

Nor

Nor breezy Caves, nor Meads invite her Stay,
 Tho' Banks obstruct, and Rivers cross the Way.
 She fords the Stream, and climbs the rising Mound;
 While distant Hills with bellowing Kine resound.

Dolphins, by all the liquid Realms rever'd,
 Command the Seas, and rule the floating Herd.
 The willing Tribes their native Lord obey,
 Confess his Pow'r, and own the rightful Sway.
 They ev'ry Kind in beauteous Form excell,
 And awful Looks the true-born Monarch tell.
 None can in Force with furious *Dolphins* vie,
 Or the strong Fin with equal Vigour ply.

Dolphins as swift their rapid Course pursue,
 As the wing'd Steel springs from the twanging Yew.
 Fires sparkle in their Eyes, and gleaming Rays
 Brighten the wat'ry Shade, and clear the gloomy Ways.
 When Fishes with vain Hopes their trembling Heads
 Or wrap in Slime, or roll in sandy Beds,
 Midst the dark Shade they form a sudden Day,
 And all the Secrets of the Depth survey.
 When Lions roar, the Beasts with Terror hear,
 And by their Silence own their passive Fear.
 Birds distant view, when Eagles soar on high,
 And humbly give the Freedom of the Sky.

When flaggy Wings the glaring Dragon bear
 In shining Tracks, and taint the gilded Air,
 Silent below the meaner Serpent creeps,
 Nor dares to hiss, but hides in weedy Heaps.
 And thus in Pow'r unrival'd *Dolphins* reign
 O'er the unbounded Empire of the Main.
 While o'er the Floods the wanton *Dolphin* rolls,
 All give the Sea, and drive their mingled Shoals.
 With fearful Hast their thronging Heaps they raise,
 Nor on their dreaded Monarch steady gaze.
 Passive they turn their Eyes; with servile Fear
 His furious Bounds, and distant Puffings hear.
 But when the Sov'rain hungry seeks his Prey,
 Then frighted Numbers crowd the narrow Sea.
 From the known Tyrant all the meaner Slaves
 Throng to the Friths, and nestle in the Caves.
 He in crude Feasts his purpled Jaws embues;
 From the mixt Heaps will noblest Captives chuse,
 Let go the tasteless Prey, and vulgar Treats refuse.

But hardy Troops are found, and they alone
 That brave the *Dolphin*, and his Sway disown;
 With equal Scorn the Tyrant's Wrong repay,
 Nor passive will the lawless Force obey:

Amies

Amies their Name, no pointed Spikes they bear,
 Nor wield the Sword, nor dart the poisonous Spear;
 But close-set Teeth their vaulted Mouth furround,
 That ready strike, and give the certain Wound.
 With these fierce *Amies*, for the Fight prepar'd,
 Engage their Monarch, nor his Threats regard.
 When wanton *Dolphins* from their Fellows stray,
 And the lone Wand'ers take their private Way,
Amies observe, and spread the pleasing News;
 None dread the Danger, or the Toil excuse:
 With firm Consent the Summons all obey,
 Press to the Charge, and throng the straighten'd Way.

So when the Hopes of Fame, and hostile Spoils
 To glorious Hazard push th' embattled Files.
 Resolv'd they move, and all the Danger court,
 Scale the high Wall, and raze the batter'd Fort:
 War to the truly brave is only Sport.

Awhile the *Dolphin*, tho' unnumber'd Foes
 Ally'd to One united Force oppose,
 Nor royal Birth, nor ancient Fame forgets,
 But mocks th' Invaders, and their Onset meets:
 Feeds with Revenge, and tastes the double Sweets
 Of slaughter'd Rebels, and of grateful Treats.

But when around the rallying Troops appear,
 Rush in the Front, and thicken in the Rear,
 War's doubtful Toils the finny Chief engage,
 Rebellion worthy all the Monarch's Rage,
 Fearless of Danger they at once surround
 The Princely Fish, and all the *Dolphin* wound,
 With Rage inveterate the restless Shoals
 Make at his Head, and on his azure Jowls
 Remorseless fasten; on his Back they ride,
 Hang on his Gills, and tear his bleeding Side.
 Some glide beneath, others behind him press,
 Burden the Tail, and all the Fish distress.
 He lab'ring puffs, tho' weaken'd with his Wounds
 Yet vig'rous shoots, and all the Ocean rounds.
 Vext with Disgrace, and Sense of various Pain
 He meditates Revenge, with proud Disdain
 Now swift as sunny Gleams the *Dolphin* leaps
 Thro' flying Mists, and o'er the Surface sweeps.
 Like Lightning now he gilds the Depths below,
 Where silent Waves, and stiller Waters flow.
 Nor mirkfom Shades below, nor upper Seas,
 Remove the Foes, nor give the Sov'rain Ease.
 They still unmov'd their fasten'd Hold retain,
 Drive with their Guide, and round the troubled Main.

Where're

Where're he moves, unwelcome they attend,
 And born by him, with him as swift descend 985
 To lowest Seas, as swift again pursue
 Repeated Tracks, and clearer Day review.
 Thus joyn'd they all one monstrous Fish appear,
 And to known Shapes no certain Likeness bear.
 Fishers amaz'd long fix their steady Eyes, 990
 While blended Kinds their real Form disguise.

As when the stagnate Blood corrupting breeds
 The putrid Sore, and glowing Ulcer feeds;
 The dusky Leeches drain the noisome Food,
 And give new Motion to the clotted Blood; 995
 Curl up their Backs, and swell their bloated Sides,
 And by strong Suction force the streaming Tides;
 But when the long continu'd Pleasures cloy,
 Senseless they fall, and dizzy with the Joy.
 Thus *Amies* hung around the *Dolphin* twine, 1000
 Rivet their Teeth, nor will the Part resign.
 When fed the weary *Dolphin* they release;
 Disperse themselves, and drive along the Seas.
 The Royal Fish, from hostile Numbers freed,
 Resumes his Vigour, and exerts his Speed, 1005
 Furious he dashes round the broken Waves,
 Devours whole Shoals and grinds the gasping Slaves.

The

The reeking Blood shines on the redden'd Ooze;
 And blushing Waves their smiling Azure lose.
 Flight or Resistance now no longer save,
 But in Return they feel the Wounds they gave.

When prowling Troops of Wolves some wand'ring
 Deer
 In num'rous Concert hunt; the wing'd with Fear
 Skims o'er the Dale, and from the Mountain bounds;
 With braying Plaints the vocal Wood rebounds;
 The furious Wolves with more than equal Pace
 Reach to the Wound, and gain upon the Chace;
 From her fat Sides the reeking Morfels tear,
 Bear on the Haunch, and flea the living Deer.
 Their harmless Prey securely they destroy,
 And unaveng'd the guilty Meal enjoy.
 Void of Remorse, and insolent with Pride
 Laugh at her Groans, and all her Pains deride.
 Not so the *Dolphin's* Foes unhurt retreat;
 A just Revenge the daring Rebels meet,
 Their former Insults of the Monarch grieve,
 And Pains for Pains, and Wounds for Wounds receive.
Dolphins in Death their royal Birth regard,
 Act like themselves, and for the Hour prepar'd,
 Their

Their Doom expecting they intrepid wait,
Ev'n then are careful to preserve their State;
Fate's Summons with Indifference obey,
But fly the Depths, and leave the wider Sea.
Left meaner Fish the floating Carcass meet,
And with rude Scorn their lifeless Sov'rain treat.
To wavy Sands they silently retire,
Lie there unknown, and unobserv'd expire.
On the moist Bed recline their sickly Head,
Where no base Fish insults the royal Dead,
And hope that grateful Man with pious Hand
Will give his Friend the Burial of the Sand:
At least the Waters and returning Tide
Will in their wracky Heaps the princely Relicks hide.
Living they rule, and dying leave the Main,
No base-bred Foes their injur'd Corps profane.
Greatness of Soul in latest Hours appears;
Careless of Life the thoughtless Hero fears,
Lest ought that's less'ning, or that's mean at last
A fallying Stain on former Glories cast.
And *Dolphins* thus in Death we must admire
Just to themselves; their Conduct is entire.
Careful t' assert their Honour, and maintain
Their former Port, the *Dolphins* dying reign.

Barbels,

Barbels, unlike the rest, are just and mild,
 No Fish they harm, by them no Seas are spoil'd.
 Nor on their own, nor different Kinds they prey,
 But equal Laws of common Right obey.
 Undreaded they with guiltless Pleasure feed
 On fat'ning Slime, or bite the sea-grown Weed.
 Each licks his Mate; by Love the *Barbel* lives,
 And the dear Kiss alternate Pleasure gives.
 The Good and Just are Heaven's peculiar Care:
 All rav'nous Kinds the sacred *Barbel* spare;
 Nor will tho' hungry seize the gentle Fry,
 But give the Look, and pitying pass them by.
 Honour's just Meed, and due Rewards attend
 The brave good Man, who scorns the selfish End,
 Will on no Rights by lawless Pow'r intrude,
 But to his own prefers the publick Good.
 Ev'n stormy Seas the juster Kinds revere,
 And Fishes some Respect to Virtue bear.

But All besides, voracious and unjust,
 Obey their Passions, and indulge their Lust.
 When Hunger calls, they roam abroad for Food,
 Pursue the weaker, by the strong pursu'd.
 All the Night long they constant Watches keep,
 Nor one unguarded Moment give to Sleep.

Scaro's

Scars alone their folded Eye-lids close
 In grateful Intervals of soft Repose.
 In some sequester'd Cell remov'd from Sight,
 They sleep away the Dangers of the Night.
 The rest all wakeful dread the dire Surprise;
 From midnight Fears the God of Slumber flies.

Fondly we blame the Rage of warring Fish,
 Who urg'd by Hunger must supply the Wish,
 When cruel Men, to whom their ready Food
 Kind Earth affords, yet thirst for human Blood.
 Peace, griev'd by Man, to brighter Regions fled,
 And angry Mars contending Nations led
 Ambitious Youths with Thirst of Glory fir'd
 The proud Deformity of Scars admir'd.
 Pow'r uncontroll'd maintain'd the wrongful Cause,
 Nor fear'd the weaker Force of silent Laws.
 Nor would ungovern'd Rage the Temples spare;
 But ev'n the Gods forgot their wonted Care.
 The hoary Priest oft while he suppliant pray'd,
 On his own Altar was a Victim made.
 Bold Sacrilege laid hallow'd Buildings waste,
 And in vile Heaps the sacred Rubbish cast.
 In circling Wreaths to Heav'n their impious Fires
 Boldly went up, and roll'd their guilty Spires.

Q

Statues

Statues deform'd lay headless on the Ground,
 None knew what God the dubious Image own'd,
 At length soft *Peace* look'd back, the Troubles ceas'd,
 And pitying Heaven gave the Kingdoms Rest.
 From good *Aeneas* sprung, the *Cesars* came
 To sooth the World, and quench the spreading Flame.
 Yet restless *Discord* would unconquer'd strive
 The dying Sparks of Fury to revive.
 The proud *Iberian*, and the warlike *Gaul*
 Repin'd at Ease, and heard *Bellona's* Call.
 Oft did the *Rhine* polluted Currents mourn,
 And wash the Stains from his discolour'd Urn.
 Oft from his Reeds old *Ister* silent gaz'd,
 And saw his Banks by slaughter'd Legions rais'd,
 Till you, blest *Pair*, so kinder Heav'n decreed,
 Peace unallay'd restor'd, and groaning Nations freed.
 Now settled Peace broods on the smiling Vales,
 And steady Justice holds th' impartial Scales.
Astrea comes, the Goddess comes again,
 And from injurious Rapin guards the Plain.
 Plenty around her various Mantle spreads,
 O'er flow'ry Pastures, and unforrag'd Meads.
 The God of Sleep, freed from the noisy Dread,
 On ev'ry Bank inclines his drowzy Head.

Gay painted Dreams skim o'er the silent Plain,
And kindly hover on the slumb'ring Swain,
The joyous Sun smiles on the calmer Day,
And little *Loves* in ev'ry Corner play.
May the Good Gods these Halcyon Days prolong, 1130
Give Rust to Arms, and Leisure to the Song.
May, thro' the Round of long successive Years,
Continu'd Peace prevent our future Fears.
Now suppliant Right fears no disgustful Frown
Or from th' *Imperial Sire*, or *Royal Son*. 1135
Now humble Merit meets a just Reward,
Nor will the Court disdain the peaceful Bard.
May *Jove*, and those bright Messengers of Fate,
That throng his Throne, and on the Godhead wait,
May all indulgent guard the Royal Pair, 1140
The World's great Monarch, and the blooming Heir.
Our Wishes must succeed, our Prayers are heard,
If Piety deserves a just Reward.
The Heav'nly Pow'rs will look propitious down, }
By sure Succession fix th' establish'd Throne, 1145 }
Preserve th' Immortal Sire, and aid the Godlike Son.

Gay painted Dreams shine on the silent plain,
 And kindly hover on the limning swain;
 The joyous Sun smiles on the eastern Day,
 And little Earth in every Corner plays
 May the Good Gods their happy ban prolong,
 One Ruff to Arms, and I return to the song.
 May, this the Round of long successive Years,
 Continued Peace prevent our future Tears,
 Now England's Right seems no distant Dream,
 O from the happy shore, or happy sea,
 Now home the Mother meets a just Reward,
 Not will the Court disdain the peasant's hand,
 May soon, and thus the bright Mountains of the East,
 That through his Branch, and on the Coast
 May all intelligent the Royal Land,
 The World's eyes stare, and the blessing sign,
 Our Wishes still exceed our Powers and Land,
 If they deliver a just reward,
 The Heavenly Powers will look propitious down,
 My true Son, and the English's King,
 Preserve his memory, and his name in God's song,
 As the English's King, and the English's song,
 That you will not be lost, and the English's song,
 As the English's King, and the English's song.

OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS
PART II.
OF THE
FISHING
OF THE ANCIENTS
IN THREE BOOKS.

Translated by JOHN JONES M. A.
Fellow of *Balioi* Coll. OXON.

Οὗτος τοῖς ἀλιεῦσιν ὁ πᾶς πόντος, ἔτος ὁ πλεῖστος.

Theocrit.

Translated by John Jones M.A.
Fellow of Balliol Coll. Oxon.

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥ ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥ ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ॥
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THIRD BOOK
OF
OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS.

HOW captive Shoals reward the Fisher's Toils,
What Force subdues, or specious Fraud be-
guiles,
Attend, Great *Prince*, to thee the Sea-born Muse
A Theme not foreign tho' unsung pursues.
The silent Rovers own thy sacred Sway,
Thee bending Waves, and prostrate Deeps obey.
All Arts are thine, for Thee th' advent'rous Swain
Trusts faithless Winds, and courts the wrinkled Main.
Indulgent Heav'n conspires with Earth and Seas
By nobler Gifts and happier Arts to please,
The Gods of Verse harmonious Strains prepare,
To crown thy Pleasures, and dispell thy Care.

I from *Cilicia's* Shores their Envoy came,
And *Mercury's* Shrine approv'd th' aspiring Flame.

Jove's greatest Son, whose partial Cares demand 15
Superior Honours from my native Land,
Hermes, where Gain invites, inspire the Lay,
Through *Neptune's* Deeps your golden Wand display,
Describe the Course, and point the doubtful Way. }
Whate're successful Arms the Fisher knows 20
New from your Mind in fair Ideas rose;
You first the scaly Fugitive confin'd,
Form'd each Machine, each various Use assign'd.

Pan learnt his Father's Art, nor learnt in vain,
The Fisher's Wiles secur'd the Thund'rer's Reign, 25
From interposing Floods *Typhaon* drew,
Secur'd his Grandfire, and the Monster slew.
Fishes for nobler Booty bait the Shore,
And hint a Conquest like their own before.
With these the God a luscious Meal prepares; 30
Plung'd from th' Abyss th' invited Fiend appears,
Consults his Hunger, and forgets his Fears. }
Strait from his cloudy Throne th' Imperial King
Dispatcht his Thunders on the flaming Wing;
Floods now of Fire th' unguarded Foe surround, 35
The glowing Bolt imprints it's hissing Wound.

With

With Forehead prone the writhing Monster flies,
A thousand Rocks the copious Slaughter dies.
The Shores the blushing Trophies still retain,
Not all their Waves can purge the guilty Stain. 40

Fam'd *Maia's* Son, if Fishers suppliant Pray'rs
With grateful Accent ever charm'd your Ears,
Propitious to their Bard, your Aid impart,
And make the Verse as famous as the Art.

First be the Fish's Limbs compact and sound, 45
With solid Flesh, and well-brac'd Sinews bound.
Let due Proportion ev'ry Part commend,
Nor Leanness shrink too much, nor Fat distend.
Oft some stout Fish a vig'rous Fight maintains,
Suspends the Conquest, and disputes his Chains; 50
With grappling Fins asserts his native Place,
Nor tamely quits his Mother Sea's Embrace.
Oft he must scale the Clift, whose tow'ring Brow
With rugged Frown surveys the Waves below;
With bending Oars the foaming Surface sweep, 55
Or search the dark Recesses of the Deep.
Let watry Labours be his chief Content,
The briny Seas his nat'ral Element.
Judicious Art with long Experience joyn'd
Inform the ready Dictates of his Mind. 60

Fishes by various Wiles elude their Fates,
 The Wit that dire Extremity creates.
 Let Resolution all his Passions sway,
 Nor Pleasures charm his Mind, nor Fears dismay.
 From short Repose let early Vigour rise, 65
 And all his Soul awaken with his Eyes.
 Well let his Patience and his Health sustain
 Jove's piercing Storms, and Sirius' sultry Reign.
 Let him with constant Love the Sea pursue,
 With eager Joy the pleasing Toil renew. 70
 So *Thetis* shall reward her faithful Swain,
 And all his Labours please the God of Gain.

Autumnal Seasons early Toils invite,
 When rising *Phosphor* smiles with infant Light,
 Maturer Day successful Draughts denies, 75
 Till gentle Ev'ning cools the fev'rish Skies.
 When cold declining Suns contract the Day,
 Departing Beams forbid the Fishers' Stay.
 Kind Spring atones his Predecessor's Wrong,
 And Days entire th' unceasing Sport prolong. 80
 Then near the Shores the scaly Legions move,
 Consult their future Race, and present Love.

Attend th' auspicious Wind that breaths serene,
 And innocently fans the floating Scene.

The

The prudent Fish, when louder Tempests sound, 85
Avoids the Shock, and seeks the calm Profound.
Fearless returns, when rattling Storms abate;
But silent Fishers urge his surer Fate.

This constant Rule the finny Trav'lers guides
With cautious Front t' oppose the wind and Tides; 90
Thus they unhurt th' united Force withstand,
And hover safely o'er the shelving Strand.
But let complying Nets and spreading Sails
Side with the Waves, and swell before the Gales.
When Southern Winds on dewy Pinions rise, 95
With facing Prow salute the Northern Skies;
With Southern Course th' obsequious Pinnacle steer,
When frozen Boreas blusters in the rear;
To Western Seas let sultry Eurys send,
And Zephyr's Airs your Eastern Voy'ge befriend. 100
So shall your easier Toil and meeting Prey
The due Observance of the Winds repay.

By those who curious have their Art defin'd
Four Sorts of Fishers are distinct assign'd.
The first in Hooks delight; here some prepare 105
The Angle's taper Length, and twisted Hair;
Others the tougher Threads of Flax entwine,
But firmer Hands sustain the sturdy Line.

A third prevails by more compendious Ways,
While num'rous Hooks one common Line displays. 110

The next with Nets wide-wafting skim the Seas,
But diff'rent Forms, with diff'rent Prospects please.
Some hurl the leaded Casting-Net around,
And drag the Circle less'ning from the Ground.
The wide extended Seine and Trammel sweep 115
The shelving Beach, the Drag-Net skims the Deep.
The Hoop-Net's conick Lab'rinth plies the Shore,
Heave-Nets the Fishes oozy Beds explore.
A thousand Names a Fisher might rehearse
That shun untractable the smoother Verse. 120

The Third the mazy Weel's Enclosure bait,
Unequal Gains the scanty Labour wait.
No constant Care th' indulgent Sports require,
To sleep the Fishers from their Charge retire.
To them ev'n Sleep has learnt to be sincere, 125
And Dreams of Wealth the sure Event declare.
Waking they find th' imaginary Prize
In airy Forms prelude to real Joys.

Others the Trident's gantly Terrors wield,
And purple Conquests stain the watry Field. 130
These various Arms the Fisher's Toils attend,
Well known the Form of each, and proper End.

Fishes

Fishes have too their self-preserving Arts,
Not that alone which home-bred Fear imparts;
Their forreign Foes they equally deceive, 135
Th' entangling Net and burden'd Hook relieve.
The raving Swains in tragick Postures mourn,
And Grief alone attends the Net's Return.

The *Barbel*, when encircling Seines inclose,
The fatal Threads, and treach'rous Bosom knows. 140
Instant he rallies all his vig'rous Pow'rs,
And faithful Aid of ev'ry Nerve implores;
O'er Battlements of Cork up-darting flies,
And finds from Air, th' Escape that Sea denies.
But should the first Attempt his Hopes deceive, 145
And fatal Space th' imprison'd Fall receive,
Exhausted Strength no second Leap supplies;
Self-doom'd to Death the prostrate Victim lies,
Resign'd with painful Expectation waits,
Till thinner Element compleats his Fates. 150

So when a Fever's doubtful Crisis reigns,
Preys on the Heart, and revels in the Veins,
The conscious Patient fees with wild Surprise
Approaching Death in all it's Terrors rise.
Fond Hopes create at first reluctant Strife, 155
Resolv'd he grasps the slipp'ry Verge of Life.

The

The Leache's Art th' obedient Wretch implores,
 The bitter Draught, and nauseous Pill devours.
 But if the baffled Pow'rs of Medicine fail,
 And partial Fate inclines th' unequal Scale, 169
 Each flatt'ring Hope, and fond Desire of Breath
 Tamely he quits, and courts an easy Death.

When closing Nets the *Spit-Fish* Shoal surprize,
 Some Hole they seek of hospitable Size;
 There rushing all their waving Lengths convey, 163
 Wriggling successive through the narrow Way.

In like Extremity the greedy Toils
 With Arts more exquisite the *Wolf* beguiles.
 Low he descends, when pow'ful Fear commands,
 And scoops with lab'ring Fins the furrow'd Sands. 170
 Lodg'd in that Cave expecting Fate derides,
 While o'er his Back the leaded Margin slides.

The crafty *Wolves*, when ere they conscious feel
 Deep in their Jaws infixt the barbed Steel,
 Writhing with restiff Fury backward bound, 175
 The Hook dismissing thro' the widen'd Wound.

Cetaceous Tunnies too with equal Rage
 The grand Dispute of Life and Freedom wage.
 When first the Hook inflicts the sudden Blow,
 Downward they hurry to the Rocks below; 180

With

With recent Strength o'erpow'r the Fisher's Hand,
And twining grasp the Pavement of the Sand;
There tug the Steel, and tear the ragged Wound,
And gladly with their Fates for Pain compound.

When lucky Hooks the larger Kinds surprize,
The fierce *Sea-Cow*, or *Ram's* enormous Size;
The prickled *Thornback*, or the *Mallcock* wound;
Their weighty Limbs they stretch on sandy Ground,
In constant Obstinacy trust alone,
And meaner Use of Stratagem disown;
With faithful Aid their mutual Force combine,
Release the Wound, or force the weaker Line.

But the fleet *Storie*, and the *Fox-Hound* know,
What kind Effects from swift Compliance flow.
They the first Summons of the Hook obey,
Nor stay till Force commands the painful Way;
Prevent th' extended Line, and fastning tear
With grinding Rows of Teeth the crackling Hair.
Hence taught, the Fishers arm their lowest Line,
And next the Hook the ductile Wire adjoyn.

The *Cramp-Fish*, when the pungent Pain alarms,
Exerts his magick Pow'rs and poison'd Charms.
Clings round the Line, and bids th' Embrace infuse
From fertile Cells compress his subtil Juice.

Th'

Th' aspiring Tide it's restless Volumes rears,
Rolls up the steep Ascent of slipp'ry Hairs,
Then down the Rod with easy Motion slides,
And entring in the Fisher's Hand subsides,
On ev'ry Joint an icy Stiffness steals,
The flowing Spirits binds, and Blood congeals.
Down drops the Rod dismiss'd, and floating lies,
Drawn captive in it's Turn, the Fish's Prize.

Th' endanger'd *Cuttle* thus evades his Fears,
And native Hoards of fluid Safety wears.
A pitchy Ink peculiar Glands supply,
Whose Shades the sharpest Beam of Light defie.
Pursu'd he bids the fable Fountains flow,
And wrapt in Clouds eludes th' impending Foe.
The Fish retreats unseen, while self-born Night
With pious Shade befriends her Parent's Flight.

The winged *Sleeve* with Crimson dies the Main,
His Fraud the same, tho' different the Stain.

Such Arts the finny Politicians know,
Poor unavailing Arts! where Man's the Foe.
Those who in silent Deeps remoter live,
Strangers to Fraud, an easy Conquest give.
Simple and artless are the Fisher's Arms;
Onions to them, and naked Hooks have Charms.

Those

Those Kinds that haunt the Sea-confining Strand,
 As more expos'd superior Arts command,
 Of these the smaller Fries by *Shrimps* are drawn,
Slaves fibrous Legs, the little *Crab* or *Prawn*,
 To Flesh embrin'd, or slimy Worms they haſt,
 Or any fav'ry Bait of ranker Taſt.
 Baits for the large the ſmaller Shoal ſupplies,
 To nobler Prey the gradual Conqueſts riſe.
 Eternal Hunger gnaws the Glutton-Fiſh,
 No reaſ'ning Pow'r controlls th' impatient Wilh.
Sea-Crows the *Tunnie*, *Shrimps* the *Wolf* approves,
 The *Bream*'s voracious Guſt the *Gaper* moves.
On-eyes excite the ſharp-teeth'd *Ruff*'s Deſire,
Horſe-tails the various *Rainbow*'s Paint admire.
 The *Oerve Surmullet*s tempt to certain Fate;
 For *Yellow-tails* with bright-ey'd *Pearches* bait.
Cackrels the *Gilt-heads* glitt'ring Race invite,
 And tender *Prekes* the *Lamprey*'s Taſt delight.
 Thus larger Kinds; the *Fair One* of the Seas
 Nam'd from his beauteous Form young *Tunnies* pleaſe.
 On the ſmall *Cod* the full-grown *Tunnie* feeds,
 When *Wolves* attract the wounded *Anthie* bleeds.
 To creſted *Horſe-tails* hungry *Sword-Fiſh* haſt,
 And *Mullet*s pleaſe the *Shark*'s judicious Taſt.

Thus weaker Kinds with human Arts unite,
And Vengeance to the Poes in Death require:
Each in his Turn promotes th' ascending Fate,
And proves alternately the Prey and Bait.

Hunger, thou in-bred Fiend, whose stern Commands
Nor Brutes, nor lordly Man himself withstands,
Extortioner, to All alike unkind,
Slave to the Sense, but Rebel to the Mind;
All Appetites to thee, all Passions yield,
And Reason quits the scarce disputed Field.
Her Throne usurp'd, Companions of thy State,
Stinging Disgrace, and vengeful *Wrath* wait.
Thy Pow'r the winged Songster's Flight o'ertakes,
And drives the Lion roaring thro' the Brakes,
Pursues the Serpent thro' the mazy Way,
And o'er the Reptil World asserts the Sway.
But when thou div'st to liquid Worlds below,
The Sea-born Kinds thy fiercest Fury know.
Here various Deaths thy fierce Emotions wait:
On Earth thou tritest, but in Seas art Fate.

The Natives of my Country's Shores, that claim
Immortal Honours from *Sarpedon's* Name,
Corycium sacred to the God of Gain,
And fair *Eleusa* rising from the Main,

By

By Friendship feign'd, and Love's dissembling Wiles,
 The late-mistaken *Ambies* Race beguiles,
 Hear, Mighty Prince, her Country's dear Delights,
 With fonder Joy the Patriot *Muse* recites. 180

First some experienc'd Veteran explores,
 Where mossy Caves indent the steeper Shores,
 There launching forth his Boat, with weighty Strokes
 Of num'rous Sound the murm'ring Planks provokes.
 The Waves shrink undulating from the Blow, 185
 And sink the circling Summons all below.
 Musick tho' rude has Charms; the *Ambies* round
 With unexperienc'd Ear imbibe the Sound;
 The Man all o'er and vocal Wood survey,
 Infatiate gaze, and seem to beg their Stay. 190
 He to his stranger Guests *Sea-Pearch* or *Crows*
 First Pledge of future Correspondence throws.
 They greedily devour the lib'ral Mefs,
 And wagging Tails their Gratitude express.

As when from far some honourable Guest,
 With martial Skill, or nobler Science blest,
 For new Improvements leaves his native Shore,
 And views those Climes his Fame has reach'd before,
 Some Sire of hospitable Mind, who knows
 What all Mankind the gen'rous Learned owes, 195

Conducts him to his old paternal Seat,
Assures a welcome tho' a poor Retreat;
With hearty Words, and frank obliging Guise,
He grasps his Hand, devours him with his Eyes;
Rich Gifts importunately kind obtrudes, 305
And mean Reflections of Expence excludes.
Salubrious Dainties from the rural Hoard
In unaffected Plenty crown the Board.
Freely they feast to Mirth and Joy resign'd,
Nor want an equal Banquet for the Mind. 310
That done, with Pledge alternate drain the Bowls,
While generous Friendship opens all their Souls.

Thus the glad Fisher and the destin'd Prey
With mutual Joys deceive the wanton Day.
The present Feasts, and Hopes of future Gain, 315
Those please the Fish, and these delight the Swain.
He ev'ry Day renews th' expected Treat,
Nor sparing of his Labour or his Meat.
They leave their Cells, and hasting to the Sound,
With open Jaws supine their Host surround. 320
He deals his Favours with distinguish'd Care,
And bulky Chiefs divide the largest Share.
Henceforth content they praise th' incurious Rest,
With Food unearn'd, and calm Confinement blest.

Fixt to their Choice they seek no forreign Shore, 325
Variety and Freedom charm no more.

So when bleak Winter whitens all the Plain,
Wedg'd in their Folds the willing Flocks remain.
At once in Body and in Wish confin'd,
Not ev'n their native Fields can tempt their Mind. 330

Soon as the Boat leaves the retiring Shores,
The distant *Anthies* hear the sounding Oars.
Onward they rush impatient of delay,
Luxuriant roll, and featly Gambols play.
Diffus'd around they dash the sparkling Main, 335
And brush a foamy Circle on the Plain;
With wagging Jaws their welcome Friend salute,
And Nature seem to curse that made 'em mute.

So when the Bird, whose first Appearance brings
Relenting Seasons, and returning Springs, 340
Home to her Nest with loaded Bill repairs,
And Food untasted to her Younglings bears;
The callow Progeny, with Throats erect,
And quiv'ring Wings the ling'ring Mefs expect.
The little Rivals round their Mother crowd, 345
And chatter their Necessities aloud.
The good old Squire below, with ravish'd Ears
The shrill Musicians of his Chimney hears.

The

The Fisher feeds, and stroaks them with his Hands,
 Their Nature tames, and all their Hearts commands, 350
 Like gen'rous Subjects they their King obey,
 Whose willing Hearts confess the milder Sway.
 Where'er he wields his intimating Arm,
 With equal Pace th' attracted Legions swarm.

So when the *Roman*-Youth their Coursers rein, 355
 And mimic Armies shake the bloodless Plain,
 What side the sage Director points the Way,
 The Battle rages, and the Troops obey.
 No more of mutual Joys, or gamesome Play,
 Or Banquets equal'd to the livelong Day. 360
 The Fisher now intent on other Joys
 The toughest Line and strongest Hook employs.
 His Left supports the Line, in fair Disguise
 Beneath the Bait the latent Iron lies.
 Sent from his Right a Pebble strikes the Flood, 365
 The sinking Throng pursue the fancy'd Food.
 If or by Chance or doom'd by partial Fate
 One stay behind to him he gives the Bait.
 He snaps the Meat with glad unthinking Haft,
 Poor Ignorant! the last he e'er must tast. 370
 Both Hands intent the bending Swain applies,
 And hoists with sudden Force the lonely Prize.

Should

Should rustling Waves in quicker Pulse convey,
The distant guilty sounds of struggling Prey,
Averse they'd fly, and seek the spacious Seas;
Familiar Shores nor wonted Food would please.
A vigorous Strength th' impetuous Toil demands,
Or needs th' united Aid of second Hands.
All Obligations thus th' indebted Prey
With undesigned Gratitude repay;
A nobler Banquet to the Swain restore,
And feed, as they were fed themselves before.

Others on ruder Force alone rely,
And sturdy Limbs their artless Labour ply.
Impatient they despise the formal Cheat,
The tedious Course of Flattery and Treat.
Their first Repasts the dire Recurve conceal
Of toughest Brass, or more impassive Steel.
With double Point the firer Weapon bends,
And diff'rent ways it's deadly Jaws extends.
A strong close-twisted Cord affix between
In equal Poise sustains the dire Machine.
A living *Sea-Wolf* best supplies the Bait,
If dead, his Jaws receive the Plummets Weight.
New Life deriving from the pressing Lead
Th' unconscious Mimick rolls, and nods his Head.

When

When first attracted by the pleasing Sound,
 Th' ascending *Anthies* leave the safe Profound,
 Back fly th' expecting Oars, the fatal Food
 Some skilful Chief addresses to the Flood. 400
 High o'er the Stern he waves the Line, while they
 With Haft tumultuous chace the flying Prey ;
 Hunger and Emulation urge their Way.
 The vanquisht Wretch thus scours along the Plain,
 While close behind his ardent Conqu'rous strain. 405
 If one approach superior to the rest,
 He seizes uncontroll'd th' unjoyous Feast.
 Soon, but too late, he mourns the treach'rous Prize,
 And fondly from th' inherent Mischief flies.

Here long with mutual Force the Fish and Swain 410
 Each well-contested Inch of Sea maintain.
 Vi&ry impartial hovers o'er the Field,
 Each draws resolv'd, unknowing each to yield.
 Mean while th' intenser Force of active Pain
 To Form uncouth distorts the bending Swain. 415
 His Arms stretcht out, his cracking Shoulders bow,
 And furrow'd Frowns contract his ardent Brow.
 Each length'ning Muscle to it's Tendons strains,
 In livid Ridges swell the bloated Veins.

Each

Each Bone seems starting from it's slipp'ry Sphere, 436
Deep in his Skin the waving Vales appear.

Wild with the Smart and fir'd with high Disdain }
The great-soul'd Slave indignant shakes his Chain, }
And fondly struggles to his native Main.

The lab'ring Chief with ardent Voice implores 437
His jolly Lads to stretch th' incessant Oars.

Should once the Boat comply, the scaly Foe
Would drag th' unequal Swain to Seas below.

A crimson Torrent from his straighten'd Veins
Impetuous spins, and all his Hand distains, 438 }

In crackling Sound the tortur'd Cord complains.

He ne'er this unrelenting Toil declines,

Nor urg'd by Pain the furious Load resigns.

As two rough Heroes of Athletick Size,

Whose rival Strength disputes th' important Prize, 439

Some intermediate Rope, from either End

Bending averse, with straining Limbs extend.

While equal Force they mutually repay,

Long undecided hangs the Fortune of the Day.

Such is the Fisher's and the Captive's Strife, 440

From Hopes of Conquest, and Desire of Life.

The faithful Shoal that Earth-bred Trick disown

Of leaving Friends to bear their Ills alone.

T

Too

Too studious to release the poor Distrest,
 They press his Back, and heave beneath his Breast. 445
 Fond Ignorants ! nor all the while perceive
 They but augment the Pain they would relieve.
 Oft their officious Impotence they joyn,
 And grind with toothless Jaws th' impassive Line;
 Thrice happy Friends ! if Nature less unkind 450
 To gen'rous Hearts had equal Arms assign'd.
 Tir'd with the constant Force of Oars and Pain
 The Fish submits at last, to's native Main
 His Life bequeaths, his Body to the Swain. }

If e're you hope to tame th' unwieldy Prey, 455
 This Rule with most religious Heed obey:
 Ne're let your intermitting Toil afford
 Rest to the Oars, or Slackness to the Cord.
 Should once the Fish his Head at Freedom gain,
 All future Force were impotent and vain. 460

Oft on the Spikes that arm th' indented Chine
 Rolling averse he saws the trembling Line.
Tunnies, and He that's nam'd from beauteous Dye, }
Cetaceous Kinds, a Strength like this apply,
 But by the Arms of Swains like these must die. 465 }

Others are caught, allur'd to bloodless Fate
 By Food unarm'd, and ludicrous Deceit.

The

The Rock-bred *Beetles* most, they thoughtless run,
Favour the Cheat, and hast to be undone.

Weave you a Weel, of vast capacious Size, 470
Iberia's soil the wreathing Twig supplies.

Let stiffest Rods erect the Sides defend,
The circling Door with narrow Compass bend,
With spacious Arch the concave Room extend.

Locusts or *Prekes* within invite the Game, 475
With mellow Steams attractive from the Flame.

The Snare accoutred thus obliquely lay,
The Door toward the Cavern of the Prey.

The Baits an active Sphere of Odours spread,
And call the *Beetle* from his rocky Bed. 480

Coily reserv'd he views the new Deceit
And hovers anxious o'er the treach'rous Gate.

Entr'ing at length he rolls in luscious Sweets,
Distends his Maw, and prudently retreats.

Big with the News, nor fond of private Ends 485
He bears the gen'rous Tidings to his Friends.

The Swain mean while recruits the lessen'd Meat,
And new Variety improves the Treat.

With glad tumultuous Ha't th' unweening Prey
The Call of Hunger and of Fate obey. 490

Each cheers his Fellows with the promis'd Feasts,
No jealous Thoughts chastise the jovial Guests.
Entr'ing they crowd the unsuspected Snare,
Forget their wonted Home, and wonted Fear.
In Feasts and buxom Mirth their Hours employ, 495
But find too dearly bought the short liv'd Joy.
(As when some gay unthinking Orphan Heir,
Rescu'd from Studies and paternal Care,
The Fates, and Fortune most perversely kind
Give an Estate, e're Age has giv'n a Mind; 500
With equal Thoughts inspir'd from equal Years
Around his Board a jovial Crew repairs;
With giddy Joys they cheat the thoughtless Hours;
Each drinks a Farm, and each a Field devours.
Alternate all prepare the circling Treat, 505
Till in a Goal th' unhappy Spendthrifts meet.
Like them the Gluttons of the finny Kind
Severe Effects from heedless Pleasures find.
The Swain observant eyes the copious Prey,
Shuts down the Gate, and intercepts the Way; 510
He draws the moving Prison from the Deep,
And lulls his Captives to eternal Sleep.
Conscious of instant Death with wild Despair
They hurry round th' inexorable Snare;

In

In vain; mistaken now too late they find
The specious Home, and flatt'ring Fates unkind.

When whisp'ring Fields th' Autumnal Hook invite,
Admoes the Fisher's wat'ry Toils requite.
Just in the middle Region of the Deep
The Weel two opposite Attractions keep.
Beneath a distant Weight suspended lies,
But Corks forbid to sink, as that to rise.
No costly Baits th' indulgent Sport demands,
But Pebbles chosen from the neighb'ring Sands.

Sprung from the moisten'd Pores a mucous Ooze
With downy Case the fertile Stones o'ergrows.
To these the smaller Shoals a worthless Kind
Glide through the Chinks, and gnaw the lacteal Rind.
The joyful *Admoes* spy their destin'd Prey,
And rush exulting thro' the circling Way.
A thousand Gates dismiss the slender Eries
Secure and happy in their puny Size.
Severer Fates the bold Aggressors find,
And perish in the Ruin they design'd.

As when the curious Hunter's Fraud invades
Some Savage Terror of the rural Shades.
Near the deceitful Pit his faithful Hound
With cruel undeserved Chains is bound.

To

To ev'ry well-known Grove in doleful Strains;
 Of Man ingrate the gen'rous Beast complains;
 The well-known Groves repeat the mournful Tale,
 And call the Panther from the distant Vale.
 Now just possesst he treads the fatal Way,
 The Pit unseen receives the sinking Prey.
 No more the promis'd Feast employs his Cares,
 And all his Hunger's swallow'd in his Fears.
 No less the Hunger-blinded *Ass* meet
 A fatal Prison, where they hope a Treat.
 Some Artist too for *Herring* Shoals prepares
 And Silver-scaled *Scuds* th' Autumnal Snare;
 The fine-bond *Pitchard*, and the *Schad* that prides
 In purple-vari'd Pins, and silver Sides.
 A Paste of Pusse in luscious Wine he steeps,
 And balmy Tears th' *Assyrian* Damsel weeps.
 A Damsel once she was; now doom'd to prove
 Divine Resentments for incestuous Love.
 With such a Warmth she view'd her blooming Sire
 As Lovers feel, and Duty can't inspire.
 The quiver'd *Boy*, and Love's celestial *Dams*
 Nor gave the Wound, nor authoriz'd the Flame.

Detesting

Detesting Heav'n pursu'd th' opprobrious Maid,
 Encroaching Roots her struggling Feet invade,
 And starting Boughs her guilty Temples shade:
 Now chang'd an Aromatick Tear she vents,
 The Woman's Crime the conscious Tree laments.
 Around the Wheel diffusive Fragrance rolls,
 And calls with certain Charm the neighboring Shoals.
 They crowd the spacious Arch; the joyful Swain
 Finds nor his Labour, nor his Cost in vain.

The *Goldlin's* gaudy Race with oozy Leaves
 The Ocean feeds, and skilful Swain deceives:
 The patient Sportsman launching from the Shores
 Some likely Scene of future Sport explores.
 There pond'rous Stones enwrapt in verdant Ooze
 The Space of four successive Days he throws:
 When the fifth Morn leads in her feeble Ray,
 And o'er the Greens collected *Goldlins* play,
 The Wheel's immerst, the vegetable Bait
 Lines all the Concave, and enwreaths the Gate.
 The curious Fish with unsuspecting Haft,
 News Joys pursue forgetful of the past.
 The Swain with easy Force, and cautious Care
 His Boat impells, and draws the crowded Snare.

Let

Let Men and Oars the strictest Silence keep,
But whisper those, and these but gently sweep. 585
Success in Silence Fishers always find,
But most when *Goldlins* are the Prey design'd.
No Fish of nicer Coyneſs swims the Sea,
And Sport with Coyneſs never can agree.

Of all the Kinds that range the ſpacious Flood, 590
Luſcious *Surmulletſ* ſeek the coarſeſt Food;
In Beds of Slime they roll with wanton Eaſe,
And cull the groſſeſt Ordure of the Seas.
But ſhipwreckt Men, deteſted Sightſ of Woe,
The richeſt Courſe of Luxury beſtow. 595

Whatever Baits a nauſeous Smell diſfuſe
With ſure Succeſſs commend their conſtant Uſe.
Swine and *Surmulletſ* ſeem alike inclin'd,
Mean is their Choice, their Palates unrefin'd.
But none that yield a more delicious Fopd, 600
Or haunt the Forreſt, or divide the Flood.

No common Arts the cautious *Blacktail* gain,
The Weel invites, and Net deſcends in vain.
When Winds confin'd in ſilent Priſons ſleep,
Intrencht he lies, nor leaves the ſlimy Deep. 605
Nor Hunger's Rage, nor native Arms excite
To range the Seas, or tempt the dubious Fight.

Safety

Safety tho' weak in Temperance he finds;
 Arms lose their Use with unambitious Minds.
 But when releas'd from subterranean Caves
 Contending Tempests rouse th' aspiring Waves,
 With equal Liberty the *Blacktails* roll,
 No Fears from Man or home-bred Foes controul.
 'Tis then the fiercest Tyrants of the Seas
 Lurk in their Dens an Interval of Peace.
 O'er sounding Shores th' intrepid Vagrants roam,
 Vault on the Cliffs, and revel in the Foam.
 Intent they watch whatever reptile Fare
 From crumbling Land insulting Surges bear.
 Fools! unacquainted yet with human Mind
 To deeper Plots and nicer Arts refin'd.

When murm'ring Waves of Winter's Rage complain,
 And bolder Tumults speak the Tyrant's Reign,
 Some Rock the Fisher climbs, whose hanging Brow
 Threatens the Waves that lash it's Base below.
 Thence all around a Show'r of Pills he throws;
 Odorous Cheese and Flour the Past compose.
 The scrambling Throng pursue the scatter'd Food,
 Swarm to the Rock, nor leave the plenteous Flood.
 The Swain unseen his prostrate Length reclines,
 And all his Shadow to the Rock confines.

A slender Twig his trembling Hand extends,
 The waving Horse-hair from the Top descends.
 Small Hooks surround the Line in num'rous Rows,
 Foretasted Baits the lucid Points enclose.
 The Fraud immerst with equal Joys elate
 The Shoals pursue, and snatch the lurking Fate.
 Contin'd Rest the Fisher's Hands decline,
 But draw with frequent Jerk his hissing Line
 At random; when the louder Tempest roars
 And rolls the Billows bounding to the Shores,
 The nicest Judgement can't discern aright,
 If Eddies only suck, or Fishes bite.
 But if some Hook more fortunate has found
 Ill-fated Jaws, and struck the pungent Wound,
 A sudden Force the mounting Captive bears,
 Prevents his Struggles, and his Fellows fears.
 Thus Fishers find the Winter's stormy Reign
 Nor lost to Sport, nor destitute of Gain.

The *Mullet* too, tho' temperate he lives,
 The gay Delusion in his Jaws receives.
 Curds mixt with Flour the snowy Bait compose,
 And *Mintha's* Herb th' inviting Scent bestows.
 An Herb not always; once the fairest Maid
Cocytus from his sulph'rous Stream survey'd.

Unrival'd

Unrival'd long she charm'd Infernal *Jove*,
 Thus doubly blest in Empire and in Love;
 Till *Proserpine* inspir'd a brighter Flame,
 And Force soon pardon'd snatcht the black-ey'd Dame.

When *Ceres* came, with vainest Impudence
 She spoke the Female's and the Rival's Sense.

"A Nymph in Birth inferior and in Face

"Enjoys my *Pluto's* Love, and my Disgrace.

"The roving God a transient Passion warms,

"Soon *Proserpine* shall mourn her slighted Charms,

"And *Mintba* fill again the Monarch's Arms.

She said; to swift Revenge the Goddess sprung,

(Swiftest Revenge pursues th' opprobrious Tongue,)

Beneath her Feet the Nymph dissolv'd in Earth,

But bloom'd at once with vegetable Birth.

The Herb, that still retains the Damsel's Name,

Breaths from the Hook, and charms the finny Game.

The scenting *Mullet* creeps with slow Advance,

And views the Bait with coy retorted Glance

Irresolute; as when some Traveller meets

The branching Angle of diverging Streets,

Anxious he stands, but sends his Eyes around,

And oft reviews the puzzling Tract of Ground;

Perplexing Thoughts distract his wav'ring Mind,
 Each Path's prefer'd, and each as soon declin'd.
 At length where partial Fancy points the Way,
 His Will determines, and his Feet obey.

Such Doubts the *Mullet's* thinking Part divide;
 Alternate Fears and Appetite preside.

As when some little lisping Miss alone,
 When kind Occasion prompts, and Mother's gone,
 Attempts the Shelf where hoarded Sweetmeats lie,
 But fears the Rod that nods tremendous by;
 Each infant Passion struggles in her Soul,
 Now Resolution fires, now Fears controul;
 Fixt on the Door she keeps her constant Eyes,
 And dreads in ev'ry Sound the dire Surprise.
 Thrice to the Prize her silent Pace aspires,
 Thrice sinks her Courage and her Foot retires.
 Thus fluctuates the Fish, till urgent Sense
 Sways all his Mind, and drives Discretion thence.

First with his Tail he feels the Bait, and tries
 If vital Warmth the beating Pulse supplies,
 (For *Mullets* always spare the living Prize.)
 Then slightly nibbles, but perceives too late
 The doubted Fraud, and feels the pungent Fate.

As

As when the fiery Steed with wild Disdain
 Asserts his Freedom, and disputes the Rein;
 Thus writhes the *Mullet*; but the Fisher's Hand
 Extends the panting Captive on the Sand. 705

No less the *Sword-Fish* feels the fatal Smart;
 Alike his Fate, not so the Fisher's Art.
 Unsheath'd they hang the double-bended Steel,
 No grateful Baits the shining Points conceal.
 A finny Wiggler to the middle Line 710
 Hung by the Jaws with slender Knot they joyn.
 With ravenous Gust the greedy Monster flies,
 Assaults the Captive, and the Knot unties.
 Along the Line the sliding Fish he draws,
 And strikes the Weapon in his reeking Jaws. 715
 The joyful Fishers hawl the snouted Prey
 And lift him gasping to the Blaze of Day.

The Western *Gaul*, *Etruria's* happy Swain,
 And whom *Massilia's* sacred Walls contain
 Unusual Scenes of Stratagem ordain. 720
 There vast enormous Lengths of *Sword-Fish* glide,
 In Nature Fish, but Monsters all beside.
 With mimic Form their Boats Convex they bend,
 Display the Fins, the threat'ning Swords protend.

The

The joyful Fish his new Companions greets, 725
 Herds with the Throng, nor sees the gross Deceits.
 The silent Fishers form a Circle round,
 The Trident dart, and strike the triple Wound.
 Now undeceiv'd he feels the fatal Cheat,
 And struggles, fond of Freedom and Retreat. 730
 With impotent Revenge his useless Sword
 Assaults the Boat, and stabs the treach'rous Board,
 Wedg'd in the Wound; but soon the steely Blow
 Of Arms and Life at once bereaves the Foe.

As when Besiegers, tir'd with fruitless Pain, 735
 By Fraud attempt what Valour can't attain,
 The treach'rous Warriors shine in hostile Steel,
 And foul Intent with friendly Show conceal;
 With loud Salute of Joy their new Supplies
 The Town admit, but feel with pale Surprise 740
 Far other Greeting from their false Allies.
 Like them, the Boats familiar Shapes assume:
 'Tis feign'd Acquaintance brings the surest Doom.

Strangely the *Sword-Fish* dreads the thredgy Snare, 745
 Extravagant in Folly and in Fear.
 Shudd'ring before the distant Net he flies,
 Nor near Approach, nor close Engagement tries.

Nature

Nature her Bounty to his Mouth confin'd,
Gave him a Sword, but left unarm'd his Mind.
Wild with the Fright the desp'rate Wretch implores
His last Protection from th' unfriendly Shores.
The sweeping Net pursues him close behind,
And slender Chains the mighty Captive bind.
Tranfixt with num'rous Darts the Monster lies,
A Prey to Folly and to Cowardise.

The *Mackrell* Shoal that clouds the black'ning Flood,
The sharp-teeth'd *Ruffs*, and *Garfish*, horned Brood,
Dangers incautious to themselves create,
Indulge their Follies, and assist their Fate.

Mackrells with Joy their captive Fellows view,
Fly to the Net, and promis'd Sports pursue,
The Volunteers of Fate; but soon they find
The flatt'ring Object of their Love unkind.

Just so the little smiling Boy admires
The Candle's painted Blaze and curling Spires,
Extends his Hand, but dear Experience gains,
That greatest Beauty gives the greatest Pains.

Here various Fates attend the captive Shoal;
One finds his Freedom through the larger Hole;
Noos'd in the closer Mesh another dies;
A third all o'er in Threads entangled lies.

Some

Some court the Chains which others strive to shun,
These to be free, and those to be undone.

Swift *Tunnies* too spontaneous seek the Snare,
The *Mackrel's* Follies and his Dangers share.

Not in the bosom'd Seine like him confin'd,
Hung by the Throat, or in the Threads entwin'd,
These to their Fates ambitious Sports betray,
To rend the Net, and gnaw the wider Way.

Th' insinuating Flax with num'rous Chains
Their Teeth unhappily recurve detains,
And gives the self-hook'd Captives to the Swains,

Th' imprudent *Garfish* from their Conduct show
What dire Effects from vengeful Passions flow.
Safe through the Net escap'd, the spleenful Throng
Must needs return, and recompence the Wrong.
The fatal Threads their hooked Teeth invade,
Imprison'd by the Wounds themselves have made.

A martial Discipline the *Ruffs* approve,
In equal Files the moist Battalions move.
When first the Bait's perswasive Charms descend,
With gen'ral Halt surpriz'd the Troops attend;
Suspicious Cares by mutual Gaze express,
Maintain their Ranks, nor touch th' inviting Mefs.

But

But if some bolder Champion lead the Way,
 Dart from his File, and seize the fatal Prey.
 The rest, like sporting Boys, pursue the Bait;
 With rival Hast, and seek an early Fate.

When buxom Spring's luxuriant Airs inspire
 The softer Wish, and blow the genial Fire,
 The *Tunnies*, rushing from th' *Atlantic* Deep,
 In *Midland* Seas with us their Nuptials keep.

Them first *Iberia's* hardy Sons detain,
 Skill'd in the Labours of the bloody Plain;
 Next, near the *Rodan's* Mouth, the Swain that boasts
Massilia's Pleasures, and *Phocæan* Coasts.

Next *Etna's* Isle, and rich *Etruria's* Soil
 Dismiss their Tillers to the wat'ry Toil.

To wider Deep beyond the *Tuscan* Shore
 The Shoal disperses, and the Sport's no more. 810

Prodigious Draughts enrich experienc'd Swains,
 When am'rous *Tunnies* lead their vernal Trains.

Some likely Coast of fit Extent they find,
 With mossy Caves and verdant Herbage lin'd;
 Steep be the Shore, and gentle be the Wind. 815

A faithful Spy some neighb'ring Mount ascends,
 And gives the timely Signal to his Friends.

With watchful Look the coming Shoal descries,
 Recounts their Numbers, and remarks their Size.
 Nets, like a City, to the Floods descend,
 Their Gates, their Bulwarks, and their Streets extend.
 Distinguisht by their Families and Years
 With swift Advance the marshall'd Troop repairs,
 Crowds unsuspecting thro' the fatal Way,
 And loads the closing Net with copious Prey.



THE
FOURTH BOOK

OF
OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS.

HOW *Love* victorious in the Sea detains
His finny Slaves in more than am'rous Chains,
How Fishes to the soft Temptation run,
And love too well; but love to be undone,
Inspir'd I sing; nor let the Godlike Pair,
The *King* of Nations and the Royal *Heir*,
Disdain the Poet's or the Fisher's Care;
Ne'er should the Sov'reigns of the World attend,
Nor would my self the labour'd Verse commend,
Were all my own; did not the sacred *Nine*
Infuse the Thought, and prompt the bold Design,
The Love-tun'd Lays in easie Numbers roll,
Charms to the Ear, and Nectar to the Soul.

Imperious *Love*, thou dear deluding Boy,
Parent of constant Pain, but fickle Joy,
Fairest to mortal Sight of Pow'rs divine,
Most gentle too, could Sight thy Force confine:
The treach'rous Eyes admit the thrilling Smart,
Neglect their Charge, and gaze away the Heart.
Descending like a mighty Storm you roll,
Wind up the Passions, and untune the Soul;
Through various Scenes pursue the barb'rous Joy,
Float in a Tear, or flutter in a Sigh.
The sinking Bye-balls fly the loathsome Day,
And all the Roses of the Cheeks decay.
Down to the lab'ring Heart the Blood retires,
And reddens deeper in the rapid Fires,
Where cooler Reason sickens and expires:
But when you deeper drive the baleful Dart
The flutt'ring Soul springs from the broken Heart.
These are thy Trophies Love; Mysterious Love!
Whether great Ancestor of Gods above,
Old *Nature's* Sire unblam'd, you wing'd your Flight
Revolting from the Realms of ancient Night,
Brandisht the Torch, and lhot the new-born Ray,
While *Chaos* sicken'd at the Blaze of Day,
Call'd

Call'd Form and Order forth, and Harmony,
And bade the jarring Elements agree;
To recent Man the nuptial Rite assign'd,
Restrain'd the Wish, and roving Joys confin'd;
Or hear'st thou winged Son of *Paphian* Dame
The Queen of Beauty, and the God of Flame,
Whate'er thou art, within my Soul convey
An easie Passion, and an easie Lay.
No Rebel dares the Pow'r of Love withstand,
All stoop obedient to the soft Command,
Most happy He, whose well prepared Mind
Receives thee gentle, and retains thee kind.

Nor human Race, nor Heav'n-born Pow'rs divine
Content thy Conquests, or thy Sway confine.
Their Pains the Sylvan and the Feather'd Kinds
Roar to the Woods, and warble to the Winds,
The burning Arrows through the wat'ry Way
The pow'rful Summons of the God convey.
No Breast escapes the Flame; the Sea-born Slaves
Burn unextinguish'd in their native Waves.

The nicest Sense of honourable Love
In mutual Aid the purple *Scaro's* prove;
Ne're range inconstant from their Partner's Side,
But all their Dangers as their Joys divide.

Whene'er

Whene'er the *Scare* spies his suckless Mate,
 Infixt and struggling with the steely Fate,
 He gnaws the Line, and mitigates the Pain,
 His Friend releases, and torments the Swain
 Oft through the Wheel's inverted spiky Door,
 Their captive Friend to Freedom they restore.
 The poor imprison'd Fish with shudd'ring Fright
 Perceives the Fraud, and meditates his Flight.
 Cautious with retrograde Career he slides,
 His Tail advances, and the Twigs divides.
 In vain his muzzling Head the Passage tries,
 The dreadful Points oppose, and wound his Eyes.
 Around the Wheel th' obsequious *Scare's* wait
 Pensive, and studious to release their Mate.
 Down through the circling Twigs their Tails extend,
 And court the gen'rous Pain that saves their Friend.
 He in his Teeth receives the grateful Reins,
 The Straights repasses, and the Sea regains.
 The Captives oft with Tail erect invite
 Their Partner's Teeth, and follow to the Bite.
 A mutual Aid the *Scare's* thus repay,
 And lead their Fellows through the dang'rous Way.
 So when the sable Night invests the Plains,
 And all the Majesty of Darkness reigns,
 When

When dusky Skies obscure the twinkling Ray,
 And envious Clouds absorb the lunar Day,
 Two Trav'lers climb the Mountains rugged Side,
 With joynt Alliance mutual Aid provide,
 And Hand in Hand defend th' alternate Slide:
 Thus safe in mutual Aid the *Scars* prove,
 But oftner meet their Ruin in their Love
 Experienc'd Swains the soft Temptation lay,
 First captivate the Passions, then the Prey.

Four able Fishermen the Boat ascend,
 A Pair the Labours of the Oars attend,
 A third prepares the fraudulent Device,
 And through the Jaws a female *Scare* ties
 Alive the best, if dead, the Plummets Weight
 With mimic Life informs the nodding Bait,
 A Cube of Lead surrounds the bottom Line,
 This moves the Taily and links the whole Machine.
 The well-tim'd Motions of the Fisher's Hand
 A feebler Form of second Life remand.
 A fourth the woven Prison drags along
 Just opposite, and waits the rushing Throng.
 Swift to the Boat the faithful Shoal repair
 Ambitious to release the captive Fair.

Eager

Eager they rush, while double Passions move,
 The Ties of Friendship, and the Stings of Love:
 The vig'rous Fishers ply the bending Oars,
 Beneath the Keel the foaming Ocean roars.
 Th' auxiliary Toil with equal Speed
 The Fish pursue, which soon themselves will need,
 But ne're must give again: The Swain above
 Surveys with Joy his Volunteers of Love.
 Within the Weel he drops the cubic Weight,
 Which sinking draws behind th' adjoyning Bait.
 With rival Haft the thronging Legions pour,
 And dart impatient through the circling Door,
 With eager Transports crowd the fatal Snare,
 Indulge their Passions, and resign their Fear.

As when the Thirst of Praise and conscious Force
 Invite the Labours of the panting Course,
 Prone from the Lifts the blooming Rivals strain,
 And spring exulting to the distant Plain.
 Alternate Feet with nimble-measur'd Bounds
 Impetuous trip along the refluent Ground:
 In ev'ry Breast ambitious Passions rise,
 To seize the Goal, and snatch th' immortal Prize.
 With equal Violence of Hope elate
 Their Glory These pursue, and Those their Fate:

Whom

Whom nothing loath within th' infernal Snare
Love leads triumphant over Death and Fear.

In mossy Coverts crown'd with verdant Ooze
Others the sedentary Weel dispose.
Within the Cell a cloister'd Female pants,
And calls the *Scaro's* from their neighb'ring Haunts:
Distant they snuff the Love-inspiring Air,
And track the streaming Odours to the Snare,
The wide Convex with busy Nose explore,
Then rush impetuous thro' the widening Door
Inexorable to return, and prove
At once the Victims, and the Types of Love.

As when the Fowler to the Fields resorts,
His cag'd Domestic Partner of his Sports
Behind some Shade-projecting Bush he lays,
And wreaths the wiry Cell with blooming Sprays.
The pretty Captive to the Groves around
Warbles her practis'd Care-deluding Sound.
Th' attentive Flocks pursue with ravisht Ear
The female Musick of the feather'd Fair,
Forget to see, and rush upon the Snare.

Thus to the Weel th' attracted *Scaro's* fly,
Thus charms the Female, and the Lovers dye.

Y

No

No less the *Chub* the lovely Frand admires, 155
And arms his Mischief in his own Desires.
A Female Beauty of attractive Grace,
Distinguisht Colours, and a plump Embrace,
Nooz'd in a flaxen Cord divides the Waves,
And Captive draws behind a thousand Slaves. 160
The Love-struck Shoal pursue the flying Fair,
Admire the Beauty, and neglect the Snare.
Nay, should the Fishers on the sunny Sand
The Female draw, they'd follow her to Land,
Their Natures to their Passions would resign, 165
Nor Fishers would affright, nor Shores confine.

As when abroad some celebrated Fair
Well-drest appears, and walks the publick Care,
The Youth of gayer Souls the Nymph pursue,
And haſt too curious to the nearer View; 170
Indiff'rent gaze at first, but soon they find
An infant Passion struggling in their Mind:
Dull and insipid now no more invite
Their late Pursuits of Glory or Delight:
Lost to themselves they seek the charming Dame, 175
Forget their Int'rest, and indulge their Flame.

Thus equal Pangs of furious Passion bear
The Sea-born Lovers to the scaly Fair.

Swung

Swung from the Shoulder of the vigorous Swain
The Casting-Net involves th' unhappy Train.
The poor Galants with late Repentance blame
Their wayward Fates, and indiscreeter Flame.

But inky *Cuttles* further still improve
In bold Pursuit, and Death-defying Love.
No Weels for them Sea-lab'ring Swains prepare,
Nor hurl the spreading Lead-surrounded Snare.
A Cord displays the female Captive's Charms,
Easie the Sport, and artless are the Arms.
Bent on the Joy the swift Galants repair,
And cling encircled round th' unconscious Fair.

Thus when at length propitious Heav'n restores
A Brother long detain'd on forreign Shores,
His little Sisters rush with pious Hast,
Hang on his Neck, and clasp around his Waist.

So the new Bride around her blooming Spouse
Her lovely Arms all wild with Pleasure throws,
In those dear Chains the willing Youth confines,
Nor in her Sleep the grateful Load resigns:
But in fond Slumbers knits the firm Embrace,
Catches his Breath, and hugs him to her Face.

Dragg'd to the Boat the close-compacted Train
Indissoluble Bands of Joy retain,

Neglect their Dangers, and their Fates approve,
False to their Nature, constant to their Love.

When soft'ning Earth unfolds the blooming Year,
Different the Sport, nor useless is the Snare,
On sandy Shores the Wheel reclines, array'd
With Tamarisk, or Olive's balmy Shade.
Th' impatient Lovers seek the mimic Grove,
And court the flatt'ring Scene of promis'd Love.
Too soon the rude intruding Swains annoy
Their softer Hours, and quell th' unheighten'd Joy.

With all th' Extravagance of wild Desire
The fable *Wras* his speckled Females fire.
The still impatient Wish, and jealous Care
Torments the Lover, and confines the Fair.
A roving Choice th' imperious *Wras* allows,
Nor knows th' Endearments of a single Spouse.
Immur'd beneath some spacious mossy Cell
In Rooms distinct the num'rous Females dwell;
In dull Retirement draw th' unactive Day,
Forego their Freedom, and their Lord obey!

Thus the new-marri'd bashful Bride, at Home
Confin'd all Day within the nuptial Room,
The gay Impertinence of Visits flies,
While o'er her Cheeks the tell-tale Blushes rise.

The

The Husband *Wraps* with tender jealous Care
 Maintains the Passage, and protects the Fair,
 With constant Eye observes the dear Retreats,
 And unfatigu'd the circling Bliss repeats.
 Short Time for Food uxorious Care allows
 The jealous Keeper, and the vig'rous Spouse,
 At Night's meridian Hour abroad he steals,
 Short in his Stay, and hasty are his Meals.
 But when the cloister'd Tribe of Females breed,
 And racking Throes confess the ripen'd Seed;
 With wild Concern the busy Parent flies,
 Haft in his Fins, Distraction in his Eyes;
 Around the Cells with fond Impatience rolls,
 Assists their Labours, in their Pains condoles.
 His Wives and future Race divide his Cares,
 The Father much, and much the Husband fears.

As when the Time-compleating Bride sustains
 With unexperienc'd Womb *Lucina's* Pains,
 An equal Torrent of tempestuous Woes
 Her Mother's sympathizing Heart overflows;
 All pale without she sighs, th' immortal Pow'rs
 With all the Violence of Pray'r implores,
 Till the decisive Shrieks within declare
 The new Inhabitant of vital Air:

No less around the scaly Parent's Soul
Painful Suspense, and wild Distraction roll.

In *Asian* Climes, where rapid *Tigris* laves
His lofty Banks, and bends the growling Waves,
Custom thus partial to the Sex, allows
The *Bactrian* Archer, and *Assyrian* Spouse
Their num'rous Wives; in Rooms distinct they lie,
Succeed alternate to the nuptial Joy,
Impatient wait the slow-returning Night,
And share the short Division of Delight.
The jealous Envy of superior Charms
Each Woman's Soul with furious Rage alarms;
Domestic Hate provokes th' incessant Jarr,
And Marriage is the female State of War.

Sharp-sighted *Jealousie*! tormenting Fiend! by Whom
Whom raving Griefs, and wakeful Cares attend,
Distorted Frenzy's always at thy Side,
Thy wayward Sister, and thy fruitful Bride;
Hence all the melancholly Train of Woes,
Revengeful Hate, and pale Destruction rose.

Such Broils the *Wrasses* Family molest,
Hard is his Duty, and disturb'd his Rest.
With curious View the prying Swain descries,
While round his Cells the pious Husband flies.

Above

Above his Hook he strings the Cubic Weight; 175
 A wriggling Shrimp supplies the living Bait.
 With slow Descent the nodding Captive slides,
 And fronts the Apartment of the cloister'd Brides.
 To swift Revenge the jealous Guardian moves,
 Nor brooks the bold Intruder on his Loves, 180
 With open Mouth assaults the shelly Foe,
 Nor sees the pointed Fate that lurks below.
 With well-tim'd Jerk the skilful Fisher draws,
 And strikes the barbed Weapon thro' his Jaws.
 He mounts reluctant to the sickly Air, 185
 And gasps forgetful of his nuptial Care.
 While thus the Swain with proud Success elate
 In merry Mood insults th' Unfortunate.
 "Now, Wretch, your fond uxorious Cares employ,
 "And revel with your Wives in vary'd Joy: 190
 "Sole Lord below mov'd with haughty Air
 "Amidst a Circle of obedient Fair;
 "Ne're at your Change repine, on Earth you claim
 "One gayer Mistress, and a brighter Flame.
 "Your Nuptials here Terrestrial Fire shall grace, 195
 "And rise to meet, and curl in your Embrace.
 The Females range unguarded by their Mate,
 Embrace the Fraud, and share a common Fate.

By

By Love's impulsive Charm, and gen'rous Aid,
 The fable *Hog-Fish* wrapt in prickly Shade,
 And *Dog*, *Cetaceous* Gluttons are betray'd.
 To silent Deeps, where thickest Slime subsides,
 Th' experienc'd Swain his sturdy Vessel guides.
 A bright-scal'd *Bleak* around the dusky Stream,
 Darts from the wriggling Hook a radiant Gleam.
 The nearest *Dog* devours th' inviting Harm,
 And yields reluctant to the Fisher's Arm.
 Home to the Boat the faithful Troops attend,
 With kind Concern, the Labours of their Friend.
 Some in the Bosom of the thready Snare
 Mount under-heav'd, and drink their Deaths in Air.
 Who scape the Net severer Tortures feel,
 And writhe impal'd around the triple Steel.
 The rest with resolute Approach bemoan
 Their Fellows Fates, and seem to beg their own.
 As when the Laws of Heav'n's eternal Doom
 Consign some only Darling to his Tomb,
 Th' attending Parents, Parents now no more,
 With unavailing Tears his loss deplore;
 With piercing Cries they wound th' unjoyous Air,
 While Grief aspires ambitious to appear
 In all the Luxury of wild Despair.

Fondly

Fondly they hug the monumental Stone
 With prone Embrace, and claim it for their own;
 Poor Obstinates! fast riveted they lie,
 Careless of Home, and only wish to die.
 Grief as intense the scaly Mourners bear,
 Scorn to survive, and court the fatal Snare.

In Some the strange Caprice of *Love* inspires
 Not Home-bred Joys, or Sea confin'd Desires:
 The Quiver'd *God* to rolling Waves below
 From verdant Shores directs the pointed Blow,
 And Fishes Breasts with Earth-sprung Passions glow.
 Rock-haunting *Sargo's*, and the crawling *Proke*
 Extraneous Objects to their Pleasures seek.
 With all the Transports of an eager Spouse
 Th' enamour'd *Proke* galants *Minerva's* Boughs!
 Surprizing Singularity of Love!
 That brutal Souls a leafy Fair should move,
 And Fishes court the Daughter of the Grove.

Where near the Shore a thriving Olive grows,
 With swelling Berries and luxuriant Boughs,
 The *Proke* ascends, as o'er the Mountain Dews
 The *Cretan* Hound his flying Game pursues,
 With low-hung Nose explores the scented Ways,
 Picks ev'ry Footstep, and unwinds the Maze,

Attacks the panting Wand'rer where he lies,
 And loads his Master with the bloody Prize;
 Thus He the scented Olives Charms obeys,
 Springs from the Deep, and tries aerial Ways;
 With eager Welcome first he clasps the Root,
 And wreaths luxuriant in the kind Salute.
 As when his long-expected Nurse he spies,
 With open Arms the smiling Infant flies,
 Hangs on her Knees with violent Embrace,
 And lifts his grappling Fingers to her Face,
 In softer Joys aspiring to be blest,
 To grasp her Neck, and fondle on her Breast;
 Thus round the Trunk at first the Wanton twines,
 But soon his Passion to the Boughs resigns.
 Born by Desire the leafy Height attains,
 Knits round his Legs, and melts in am'rous Chains.
 To ev'ry Branch transfers th' alternate Kiss,
 Lost in the copious Latitude of Bliss.

The Trav'ler thus, whom safe from forreign Shores
 To native Fields th' auspicious Gale restores,
 His thronging Friends in kind Embraces holds,
 And hangs successive in th' endearing Folds.

As round the stately Firr in humid Rings
 Th' uxorious Stalk of creeping Ivy clings;

Stretcht

Stretcht from the Root th' aspiring Volumes flow,
Climb round the Trunk, and curl on ev'ry Bough;
Thus o'er *Minerva's* Tree the Sea-born roves,
And wreaths successive in the balmy Loves.
But when remiss exhausted Nature lies,
Back to the Sea the languid *Crawler* hies,
Sate with Love, and Vegetable Joys.

His strange Amour experienc'd Fishers know,
And send the verdant Fraud to Seas below.
The Boughs that spread superior to the rest
Behind the Boat they drag with Lead deprest.
With no indiff'rent Look, or tardy Pace,
The *Preke* beholds, and courts the green Embrace;
Drawn to the Boat the Bands of Love retains,
Contemns his Freedom, and asserts his Chains.
Lockt in the riveted Enjoyment twines,
Nor ev'n in Death his lovely Tree resigns.

The *Sargo* scorns the natural Embrace,
Admires the Goat, and courts the bearded Race,
The scented Females of the Mountains craves,
Himself a Native of th' inconstant Waves.
Strange that the Hills and briny Seas should share
A Lover in a kind consenting Pair!

When

When sultry Streams infect the sickly Day,
 And *Phœbus* maddens with the *Dog star's* Ray,
 Their sweating Herds the Swains compel to lave
 Their languid Bodies in the cooling Wave.
 When bleating Concerts, and the deeper Sound
 Of Shepherds echo through the vast Profound,
 With eager Hast th' unwieldy *Sarge's* move,
 By Nature slow, but swift to meet their Love.
 With wanton Gambols greet the horned Fair,
 Vault o'er the Waves, and flutter in the Air:
 Tumultuous round the rival Lovers throng,
 Display the Finn, and roll the busy Tongue.
 Intent the Shepherds view th' unusual Sight,
 Surpriz'd at once with Wonder and Delight.
 The willing Goats receive the soft Address,
 While those repeat the Bliss, and unfatigu'd cares.
 Thus when their Dams return at Close of Day
 From distant Meads, their bearded Wantons play
 Within their Folds, vocal they frisk around,
 And crooked Vales repeat the bleating Sound.
 Joyous the Shepherds gaze, in gentle Tides
 Along their Hearts the silent Transport glides.
 But nor the Kids nor Shepherds Pleasures rise
 To equal half the finny Lovers Joys.

At

At length when fated to their native Shore
 The Flock retires, and Waters please no more,
 Where thin expiring Waves salute the Land
 With dimpled Smile, and kifs the dubious Strand,
 Thus far the silent Train of pensive Friends
 In close Array the parting Goats attends.

As when some mourning Dame her Son or Spouse,
 Her only Son, or Lord of all her Vows,
 With heavy Heart to distant Climates sends,
 And weeping near th' unwelcome Shores attends,
 With wistful Eyes surveys the wat'ry Scene,
 And thinks what mighty Seas must flow between
 E'er he return, how oft the Moon must roll
 Her changing Aspects round the tedious Pole,
 Stands on the Margin of the wavy Shores,
 And quick return with ardent Pray'rs implores,
 When Words can reach no more, her Eyes pursue
 The Vessel gently less'ning to her View.
 Thus mourn the *Sargo's* when the Goats depart,
 Tears in their Eyes, and Sorrows at their Heart.
 Unhappy Lovers! you too soon will find
 Your Pleasures insincere, your Goats unkind.
 Deceitful Swains the fatal Hint improve,
 And arm your flatt'ring Destinies with Love.

Some

Some calm sequestred Scene they first explore,
 Where Rocks adjacent issuing from the Shore
 With double Wing the narrow Floods embay,
 Expos'd and open to the solar Ray.
 Unnumber'd *Sargo's* crowd the warm Retreat,
 And wanton in the kind Extream of Heat,
 A Goat's Skin o'er his Back the Fisher throws,
 And fits th' erected Horns above his Brows;
 The Flesh and Fat incorporates with Flour,
 And scatters o'er the Flood a foodful Show'r.
 The fair Disguise, and Victuals scented Charm
 With joynt Attraction call the finny Swarm.
 They round the mimic Goat in Crowds repair,
 Their Sports are thoughtless, and their Joys sincere.
 Poor Ignorants! a deadly Mate they find,
 His Shape familiar, but estrang'd his Mind.
 A sturdy Rod his latent Hand extends,
 The flaxen Cordage from the Top descends.
 The fleshy Feet of Goats unhoof'd conceal
 With odorif'rous Bait the barbed Steel.
 With unsuspecting Haft the Fish devours,
 Mounts to the Jerk, and tumbles on the Shores.
 If once the Fraud appears to open Sight,
 Averse the *Sargo's* urge their speedy Flight.

Should

Should Goats once more their real Charms display,
 Not even real Charms would bribe their Stays
 Precipitant they leave the rocky Shore,
 The lovely Form and Feasts attract no more.
 By Secrecy the gay Delusion thrives,
 Nor one of all the Shoal the Sport survives
 Nature returning with the Spring removes
 Their foreign Flame, and breaths congenial Loves.
 Each sturdy Male in fierce Engagement claims
 The sole Enjoyment of the cloister'd Dames.
 The Females to the conqu'ring Chief repair,
 The Brave are still successful with the Fair.
 To rocky Caves th' obedient Troop he drives,
 Alone sufficient to the numerous Wives.
 A Weel of spacious Arch the Fisher weaves,
 And crowds the wide Convex with verdant Leaves;
 The Bays and Myrtle blooming o'er the Gate
 The finny Lover and the Conqu'ror wait,
 While Politicians plot their Fates at Home,
 To foreign Wars the Rock-bred Heroes roam
 Unbounded Rage ambitious Love supplies,
 Fiercest the Fight where Beauty is the Prize.
 The conqu'ring Chief along the rocky Shores
 A fit Apartment for his Wives explores:

In luckless Hour th' infidious Weel is found
 With grateful Bays and fragrant Myrtle crown'd.
 The lordly Fish conducts his nuptial Care,
 And points the Passage of the shaded Snare.
 They rush below, while he without attends,
 From rival Males th' important Pass defends,
 And last himself th' irrevocable Way descends.

As when his Flocks returning from the Plain
 Seek the nocturnal Fold, the Shepherd Swain
 Leans o'er the Gate intent, with watchful Eyes
 Recounts their Numbers and remarks their Size,
 Observes if all the Flock entire be past,
 And shares a common Bed, himself the last;
 So waits the Fish, so follows to the Snare,
 And dies unhappy with th' unhappy Fair.

Such furious Pangs and unextinguish'd Fires
 In Sea-born Kinds victorious Love inspires.
 They all pursue the lovely treach'rous Prize,
 See not the Danger, or if seen despise.

High-crested *Horsetails* seek the floating Wood,
 And chace the dancing Wand'rer o'er the Flood;
 When angry *Neptune* leaves the Waves at large,
 And Storms their elemental War discharge

With

With hideous Dinn on some tall Vessel's Sides,
 And drive the floating Ruin o'er the Tides,
 Unnumber'd Shoals the moving Planks surround,
 Frisk in the Shade, and curl the wanton Bound,
 A num'rous Prey acquir'd with little Pains
 Invites the naval Labours of the Swains.
 But may the God, whom boundless Seas obey,
 The Ships defend, and smoooth the liquid Way,
 Let Ocean smile below, while gentle Gales
 Sigh to the Floods, and whisper in the Sails.
 Securely may they waft the foreign Store,
 And distant Climes enrich th' alternate Shore.
 More harmless Floats at Home the Swain may frame,
 Nor needs the Ship be lost to find the Game.

A mimick Wreck of close-compacted Wood,
 Well pois'd with Stones, they drag along the Flood.
 Beneath the Shade-desiring Legion rides,
 Each rubs his Back, and twists his curling Sides.
 Close to their Float the silent Fishers row,
 And send their Hook-concealing Baits below.
 The Gluttons rush impetuous on their Prey,
 While Fate and Hunger urge the speedy Way.

As when returning from the Sylvan Toils,
 The Huntsman to his Pack the bloody Spoils

A crude Repast divides, with snarling Rage
 The Gluttons o'er the reeking Mefs engage,
 Observe their Master's Hand, with wrinkled Nose
 Grin horribly, and threat'ning Teeth disclose:
 The furious *Horsetails* thus the Bait furround,
 And mount successive on the barbed Wound.
 Their Doom with indiscreet Impatience wait,
 Upbraid the slower Swain, and blame the ling'ring Fate.

The *Pilot* thus pursues the floating Shade,
 To equal Fate from equal Love betray'd.

For *Sleves* a slender Shaft the Swain provides
 Cylindric, like a Distaff, round the Sides
 Adjacent Hooks their radiant Files extend,
 With Points supine the dreadful Rows descend:
 To silent Deeps the fatal Engine slides,
 The steely Curves a painted *Rainbow* hides.
 Th' incurious *Sleve* invades his artful Fate,
 And throws his branching Snouts around the Bait.
 Within the Hooks the thready Tendrils twine,
 Entangled in th' Embrace they would resign.
 In vain to disengage his Hold he tries,
 In his own Chains the self-caught Captive dies.

With ludicrous Device in slimy Bays
 Some Boy the silver-volum'd *Eel* betrays.

A Sheep-gut's humid Length his Hand protends,
Below the perforated Line descends.
The Fish sucks down the Bait with rav'nous Joy,
And gives the tugging Signal to the Boy.
To th' opposite Extream his Lips adjoyn,
And fill with crowded Air the rounding Line.
Swoln with the springy Blast the Entrail strains,
And binds the Captive's Throat with airy Chains.
Th' imprison'd Winds his straiten'd Jaws dilate,
And fill his heaving Breast with bloated Fate.
Panting he rolls and struggles all in vain,
A floating Captive to the youthful Swain.

As through a Tube immerst the Liquors glide,
To rescue Nature from the dreaded Void,
And kindly to the distant Drinker rear
Their Streams obsequious to th' exhausted Air:
Thus mounts the captive *Eel* in airy Death,
Drawn by the wily Boy's compulsive Breath.

A vile gregarious Race divides the Flood,
To ev'ry Fish besides a grateful Food,
Spirlings their Name, a Froth-engender'd Kind,
Slender their Size, and tim'rous is their Mind.
All Things they fear tho' safe; when Danger's nigh,
Within themselves the crowding Cowards fly.

Wedg'd in an Heap compacted Shoals remain,
 As if Necessity had thrown her Chain
 Invifible around; hard Task demands
 To loose again the complicated Bands.
 The swiftest Ship beneath with sudden Chains
 In mid Career the filhy Bank detains.
 The Wind all useless in the Canvas roars,
 In vain the Sailors tug the sticking Oars.
 Fixt as a Rock the steady Throng abides;
 The Ship as anchor'd in her Harbour rides.
 With furious Axe full on the Shoal below
 Th' enraged Sailor drives the steely Blow.
 Part of the Chain th' impetuous Weapon tears,
 Part still in obstinate Embrace adheres.
 Deaths from the Stroke of various Form proceed;
 Here pants a Tail, there Heads unbody'd bleed;
 Some in the midst are lopt, no Part is found,
 All loft and bury'd in the copious Wound.
 The Sea flows purple from the floating Slain;
 Their Union the Survivors still maintain.
 The busy Swains along th' adjacent Strand,
 Heap up the scatter'd Spoil with sweeping Hand;
 As Boys their ductile Castles form in Sand.

But

But when remoter from the Shore they spie
 Th' affrighted Shoal in close Connexion lie,
 Th' involving Bosom of the loaded Seine
 Drags to the Beach th' inseparable Train.
 Their Vessels groan beneath the pond'rous Prey,
 While scatter'd Heaps irradiate all the Bay.

As when the Farmers in the middle Floor
 Of spacious Barns their finish'd Harvest store,
 Well winnow'd from the Chaff, the fable Plain
 Looks gay, and whitens with th' incumbent Grain;
 Thus the bright Margin of the Deep displays,
 With shining Spoils o'erspread, a silver Blaze.

The savage-minded *Tunny's* youthful Broods
 Receive their oval Birth in *Euxine* Floods.
 Where through it's Straights the dead *Meotic* frees
 The sullen Wave dismiss to sprightlier Seas.
 The *Tunnies* conscious of approaching Throes
 Hast to the Weeds, and court the soft Repose.
 The Parents Nature's eldest Law transgress,
 Devour the Spawn, and praise the self-born Mefs.
 Part in the Sedge's blind Protection lies,
 Swells into Life, and future Broods supplies.
 When bursting from their Eggs they first begin
 To curl the Floods, and stretch th' unpractis'd Finn,

To

To forreign Seas the wanton Younglings roam,
And travel Infants from their native Home.

A spacious Bay récurves the *Thracian* Coasts,
The *Black* it's Name, diffusive *Neptune* boasts 635

No deeper Seas in all his fluid Reign;
Eternal Calm ferenes the peaceful Plain;

Below no rav'nous Monsters chace their Prey,
The Surface smiles all innocent and gay.

Delightfome Caves indent the Shores around, 640
With humid Slime, and Sea-green Herbage crown'd.

From kindly Warmth productive of the Food
That suits the Stomachs of the tender Brood.

Hither the *Tunny's* infant Shoals repair,
Defend the Frosts, and mock the wintry Year. 645

No Fish more dreads the Cold; with piercing Blight
The pungent Particles annoy their Sight.

Imbosom'd thus within the calm Retreat
They wait the slow Return of vernal Heat.

Love and the Spring arrives; the genial Bloom 650
Inspires the Wish, and fills the teeming Womb.

Thence all returning to their native Seas
In Beds of Ooze their ripen'd Spawn release.

The *Thracians*, launching on the gloomy Bay,
Drag from their wintry Beds the lurking Prey: 655

A new Machinery of Death descends,
Severest Pain the bleeding Shoal attends.

A solid Plank the Workman first designs,
A Cubit's Length the just Extent defines;
Depressive Lead it's upper Surface lines. 660

Tremendous Spikes beneath in close Array
An Iron Harvest o'er the Field display.
In deepest Seas the Fishers from the Prow,
Hung by a Rope, the fatal Engine throw.

Down through the gloomy Regions of the Bay 665
The leaded Snare divides it's silent Way,
Impatient till it seize the destin'd Prey.

The Spikes impetuous reach the dark Profound,
At once they reach, and dart the num'rous Wound.
Th' inverted Barbs confine in cruel Chains 670
The Captives writhing with the steely Pains.

The various Tortures of the bleeding Shoal
Command a Pity from the stoutest Soul.
Here gasping Heads confess the killing Smart,
There bleeds a Tail, and quivers round the Dart. 675
This in his Sides receives the rushing Wound,
Hung by the Back another twirls around;
Another's Breast the thirsty Steel divides,
Breaks through the Veins, and drinks the vital Tides.

As

As when collected from the bloody Plain, 680
 Their Friends in hardy Fight untimely slain
 On pyral Beds the sad Survivors lay,
 The glorious Slaughter of a well-fought Day.
 Comely in Wounds each naked Corps appears,
 But different Forms in each the gaffly Beauty wears.
 Thus o'er the pointed Snare, the finny Prey
 Dreadful Variety of Fate display:
 A barb'rous Joy the Fishers Eyes betray.

But gentler Arts ensnare the youthful Train,
 Entangled in the thready-bosom'd Seine. 690
 When gloomy Night obscures the frowning Deep,
 In oozy Beds the scaly Nations sleep,
 All but the Tunny's Brood; with wakeful Care
 Each Sound they dread, and ev'ry Motion fear,
 Start from their Caverns, and assist the Snare. 695

The silent Fishers in the calm Profound
 With circling Nets a spacious Plot surround,
 While others in the midst with flatted Oars
 The wavy Surface lash, old Ocean roars
 Murm'ring with frothy Rage beneath the Blow, 700
 And trembles to remotest Deep's below.
 The dreadful Dinn alarms the tim'rous Fry;
 They fondly to the Net's Protection fly.

Fools!

Fools! from unbody'd Sounds to Death they run,
 And flying but o'ertake the Fate they shun.
 But when returning Seines the Shores ascend,
 And from the struggling Ropes the Fishers bend,
 Imprudent Fears the trembling Shock begets,
 Closer they press, and hug the treach'rous Nets.
 But let the Swain invoke with ardent Pray'r
 The Gods, that make the wat'ry Sports their Care,
 That Nothing fright the once imprison'd Prey,
 That None escapes, and shows his Mates the Way.
 If second Fears the tim'rous Captives chace,
 With sudden Flight they leave the Net's Embrace,
 Dart o'er the Line, enlarged Seas regain,
 And frustrate all the Labours of the Swain.
 Unless some God a just Resentment owes
 For slighted Temples, or neglected Vows,
 Contented in the thready Chains they'll lie,
 Mount to the Shore, nor once attempt to fly.

Thus the tall Stag, proud Monarch of the Shades,
 The patient Hunter's artful Toil invades:
 A purple Cord extended round the Grove
 Displays the trembling Pinions of the Dove.
 Struck with the Terrors of the quiv'ring Wing
 Wildly he stares retiring from the String.

Surrounding Dogs the panting Sylyan tear,
A Victim to his own imprudent Fear.

The Diver harden'd to the dreadful Toil 730
With artless Force attacks the finny Spoil;
Boldly he plunges from ethereal Day,
Springs to the Deep, and treads the fluid Way;
Firm as on Land along the vaulted Shores
The secret Chambers of the Deep explores; 735
Revisits safe the long-suspended Air,
And grasps with loaded Hands a captive Pair.
The *Sargo* thus, and tim'rous *Shade-Fish* dies,
Nor this his Fears secure, nor that his Size.

The *Sargo's* spie their Danger from afar, 740
Shrink to their Den, and fly the coming War;
Wound to an Heap on mutual Aid depend,
And all their Bristles from their Backs protend.
Around the globous Throng in close Array
Continuous Spikes a dreadful Wood display. 745

As when within the Rail's defensive Ring
The Gard'ner bids his Plants securely spring;
Erect the pointed Orders stand around,
From noxious Feet protect the nobler Ground,
Arrest the Thief, and strike th' avenging Wound. 750

Thus

Thus none invades unhurt with obvious Hand
 The *Sargo's* arm'd; opposing Bristles stand
 Stretcht from a thousand Backs. The liquid Way
 The Swain descends, and singles out his Prey.
 Where the sleek Neck and taper Tail displays
 A naked Void, his cautious Hands he lays,
 With meeting Arms the cracking Captive bends,
 Snaps off his Chine, and all his Sinews rends.
 Knit in the close Embrace the rest abide,
 And fondly in their pointed Fence confide.
 The Diver joyful of his finisht Toil,
 Remounts the Floods, and bears the double Spoil.

The *Shade-Fish* swift with conscious Fear implores
 The kind Protection of his native Shores;
 Some hollow Cave, or Sea-green Weed he seeks,
 Delves in the Slime, or nuzzles in the Creeks.
 But studious only to conceal his Eyes,
 Careless of other Parts expos'd he lies,
 Irrational! and hugs th' assuming Pride,
 To think he gives the Night to all beside.

The *Lybian* Buffal thus, while o'er his Eyes
 The Shrubs entwine their gloomy Shade, defies
 The Lion's stern Approach; with Head reclin'd
 Stupid he stands, and hopes th' Invader blind

In his own Want of Sight: the royal Beast 775
Leaps on his Prey, and tears the bloody Feast.
He thrusts his Forehead deeper in the Brake,
And ev'n in Death approves the gross Mistake.
Thus Ostriches the blind Concealment seek,
Short is their Errour, and their Project weak. 780

The Fish in careless ease supinely laid
The grappling Fingers of the Swain invade.
Up from the Deep he springs, and bids the Prey
Recant his Error in aerial Day.

Thus have I sung the Sea-descending Wiles, 785
And told what Kinds the Fisher's Art beguiles,
Who yet unnam'd divide the liquid Way,
Alike their Hunger or their Love obey,
Their Caution to their Appetites resign,
Roll in the Net, or wriggle from the Line, 790
Crowd unsuspecting to the circling Weel,
Or stain with triple Wound the barbed Steel.
Some in the Face of conscious Day expire;
Others in Even's dawn insidious Fire
Lights to their Fate; erected Torches blaze 795
Around the Boat, and dart their pitchy Rays.
Admiring Shoals the gaudy Flame furround,
And meet the triple Spear's descending Wound.

To

To them malignant glares the quiv'ring Light;
Prophetic is Illuminated Night. 800

There are who mix the Drug's envenom'd Juice,
And flowing Mischief in the Floods infuse;
Above th' adult'rate Waves, th' expiring Shoal
In giddy Rings irregularly roll.

First with their sounding Poles and dashing Oars 805
They drive the flying Herd, where arched Shores,
Well stor'd with undermining Caves, embay
The narrow Floods, and skreen the tim'rous Prey.
These keep the Shore, while those from either End
Quite cross the Bay inclusive Seines extend. 810

Thus prudent Warriors on the martial Plain
With double Trench the rushing Foe restrain.
The Nets dispos'd; the patient Diver breaks
A Lump of ductile Clay from slimy Creeks,
With fell *Cyclamine* blends the kneaded Heap, 815
And sows a Show'r of Pellets o'er the Deep;
Beneath the vaulted Shores dilutes the Bane,
Poisons the Caverns, and infects the Main.

Swift from the sickly Flood to purer Day
He mounts himself unhurt, not so the Prey; 820
The gasping Wretches restless in their Caves
With sickly Pangs respire th' imbitter'd Waves;

Diffolving

Diffolving Pains their slacken'd Nerves invade,
And floating Mists their trembling Eyeballs shade.
Impatient of their Beds they roll away, 825
Prefer the Shores and drink ethereal Day.
The Shores are kinder than their native Main;
Such pois'nous Furies in the Waters reign.
Like gay Companions from nocturnal Wine
Returning late, in many a winding Line 830
They reel bewilder'd, and explore in vain
From purer Streams an Interval of Pain.
Some rushing to the Net with giddy Course
Attempt their Flight; with far unequal Force
They rise in airy Bounds, but partial Fate 835
Frustrates the Leap, and cuts the vital Date.
With rapid Toil and Pain dissolv'd they lie,
And murmur'ing Groans along the Waters die,
Such Groans as Fishes vent; th' expiring Prey
With secret barb'rous Joy the Swains survey. 840
At length when Groans and Struggles are no more,
And conqu'ring Fate exerts it's latest Pow'r,
When floating o'er the melancholly Plain,
Pale Death and universal Silence reign;
Joyful they drag the loaded Net, and pour 845
A Prey unnumber'd on the crowded Shore.

As

As when before some Town in martial Line
Dispos'd around investing Warriors shine,
To both prepar'd, or War or close Design;
The distant Fountains, ting'd with venom'd Juice, 850
Within the Walls their flowing Bane diffuse.
Back from the Tow'rs the brave Defendants sink
In thirsty Pangs, or perish if they drink.
The Streets grow narrow with the bloated Slain,
And scarce their dead Inhabitants contain. 855
Thus on th' empoysn'd Floods the floating Prey
A wide Deformity of Death display.



THE
FIFTH BOOK
OF
OPPIAN'S
HALIEUTICKS.

WITH gen'rous Thought, My *Prince*, in-
dulse thy Mind,
Worthy the Sovereign of human Kind;
How Nature's Works thy subject Man obey,
And all the wide Creation owns his Sway.
Through ev'ry Element his Pow'r pursue,
How Earth and Seas hide nothing from his View,
His Mother Earth, in Forrest Den or Wood;
And *Thetis* courts him with her silver Flood.

Whatever Pow'r produc'd the wond'rous Frame,
From *God* th' aspiring Imitation came,
His Strength inferior, but his Form the same.
Whether *Prometheus* first from gross Allay
Refin'd the Dust, and organiz'd the Clay

Wet from the living Fount, with bold Design
Stamp't on his Mould the human Face divine, 15
From heav'nly Stores immortal Effence stole,
And pour'd around his Heart th' Empyrean Soul;
Or Earth impregnate with the *Titan's* Blood
Heav'd from her Womb an animated Brood;
Examine Nature's universal Round, 20
Equal or second none to Man is found;
The Gods alone excell. —

What Monsters has the Force of Man subdu'd?
What Mountains blush not with their Natives Blood?
The pinion'd Flocks, that wing the lower Way, 25
Or soar above the Clouds in purer Day,
Are Slaves to Man, tho' central Earth denies
Th' aerial Chace, and Freedom of the Skies.

In vain the Lion, Monarch of the Plain,
Calls forth his Rage, and rears his horrid Mane. 30

In vain th' Imperial soaring Eagle flings
A double Tempest from his sounding Wings.

The snouted Elephants with passive Fear
The little lordly Creature Man revere.

Servile they groan beneath th' embattled Load, 35
Bend to the Yoke, and tremble at the Goad.

Contending Earth would search her Fields in vain
To match the Natives of the fluid Reign.
Cetaceous Kinds, that roll beneath the Floods,
In Strength surpass the Monsters of the Woods.
On Earth the Tortoise croucht beneath his Shield
Skulks inoffensive on his native Field;
But when his *Brother* of the Seas appears,
The stoutest Heart with just Discretion fears.
Teeth sharp enough our Earth-born Dogs display,
Domestic snarl, or tear the sylvan Prey.
But Nature to the stern *Marine* assign'd
More noxious Weapons, and a fiercer Mind.
Panthers on Earth affright the trembling Woods,
Tame if compar'd with those that range the Floods.
Hyenas dire the peacefull Fields molest;
Intenser Rage inspires the *Sea-born's* breast.
The Ram, fond Husband of the bleating Train,
Frisks on the Meads obsequious to the Swain;
Far other *Rams* at Sea the Fishers find,
Severer Sports delight the wat'ry Kind.
Who see the *Shark's* capacious Jaws disclose
A thousand Swords erect in flaming Rows,
Despise the tusked Boar. The subject Plain
Shrinks at the Lion's Rage, and owns his Reign.

60
But

But what's the Lion? sharper Weapons arm
The *Balance-Fish*, and keener Buries warm,
Sea-Calves on shady Shores reclin'd, affright
The shaggy Bears, or worst in single Fight.

Such monstrous Kinds the fruitful Seas produce, 64
Yet such th' unconquer'd Force of Man subdues.
I sing the Toils, when stranded *Whales* invite
Couragious Fishers to the dreadful Fight.
While grander Scenes superior Ardour raise,
And nobler Argument exalts the Lays, 70
Great Substitutes of *Jove*, attend the Strain,
Ye Heav'n-built Walls, that guard his lower Reign.

Far in the middle Concave of the Deep
Their Residence the *Whaly* Monsters keep;
There rolling with unwieldy Pastime play, 75
Nor often from th' unfathom'd Bottom stray.
Eternal Appetite their Bowels gnaws,
And Famine sits enthron'd within their Jaws.
No Meats compose their glutt'd Teeth to rest,
Or fill th' unmeasur'd *Chaos* of their Breast. 80
On their own Kinds th' unnatural Gluttons feed,
And still the weaker by the stronger bleed.

The shudd'ring Sailor fees with wild Surprise
Their Backs above the breaking Surges rise,

Who Westward from *Iberian* Havens sails, 85
And fears a Shipwreck from their sporting Tails.
Erroneous from th' *Atlantic* Deep they glide,
And drive from either Fin a murm'ring Tide.
Not thus beneath a stately Galley's Oars
In frothy Curls the boiling Ocean roars. 90

When shallow Shores engage the flouncing Fiend,
Let all the Fishers wat'ry War descend.
All but the nimble *Dog* in sandy Chains
The shelving Margin of the Deep detains.
Their glimm'ring Eyes transmit a feeble Ray, 95
And vast unwieldy Limbs retard their Way.
But happy Friendship's faithful Aid supplies,
What partial Nature to their Sense denies.
A slender Fish conducts the *Whaly* Kind,
Slender his Size, but ample is his Mind: 100
Bold in the Front the little *Pilot* glides,
Averts their Dangers, and their Motions guides.
With grateful Joy the willing *Whales* attend,
Observe the Leader, and revere the Friend.
All to their little Chief obsequious roll: 105
Friendship has charms to sooth a savage Soul.
Between the distant Eyeballs of the *Whale*,
Th' impending *Pilot* waves his faithful Tail,

With

With Signs expressive points the doubtful Way,
 And warns to fly the Shore, or chace the Prey;
 The Tail as vocal with impulsive Air,
 Bids him of all, but most of Man beware.
 Where're the little Guardian leads the Way,
 The bulky Tyrants of the Seas obey;
 Implicit Trust repose in him alone,
 And hear and see with Senses not their own.
 To him th' important Reins of Life resign,
 And ev'ry self-preserving Care decline.

As when some filial Breast with tend'rest Charms
 Nurture-repaying Love, and Duty warms,
 The grateful Youth, in Life's declining Stage
 His Sire deprest with Joynt-enfeebling Age
 Supports, when dim Suffusion veils his Eyes,
 Sticks to his Side, nor all the Day denies
 His guiding Arm; along the dang'rous Street
 The glad old Man with unupplanted Feet
 Stalks on secure; in Sons of duteous Mind
 A second Youth reviving Fathers find.
 The finny *Pilot* thus his monstrous Care
 Guides like a living Ship, his Tail the Steer,
 Constant in Service, and in Love sincere.

Or from one common Spring their Blood arose,
 And ting'd with sympathizing Union flows
 The same tho' distant, or the *Wholy* Mate
 Pleas'd him debating long, and choos'ing late.
 Thus nervous Force, and Beauty's outward Grace
 Yield to the Mind compar'd, th' exacter Face
 Oft hides a Soul deform'd. By its own Weight
 Uncounsell'd Strength is crush'd, no Match for Fate.
 That little-statur'd Men of vigorous Soul
 Should all the World by Wisdom's Force controll,
 Make ev'ry Will subservient to their own,
 Support the Just, and shake the guilty Throne,
 But meet Proportion; since with equal Ease
 So small a Guardian leads the Monarch of the Seas.

First let the Fish himself incautious feel
 The Rigours of the Bait-disguis'd Steel.
 Blest in his Friend, and safe in social Aid,
 The monstrous Prey successless you'll invade.
 When he's away, swift Victory attends
 The Fisher's Toil, nor Death divides the Friends.
 With glimm'ring Eyes the *Whale* explores in vain,
 The distant Channels of the purple Main.
 Like some tall Ship with untaught Fury born
 Her Pilot lost, erroneous and forlorn,

Through

Through darksome Paths complying with the Tides,
The Sport of ev'ry faithless Wave he glides.
Dashed on the craggy Shores, with oily Blood
He dyes the Rocks, and crimson all the Flood.
The gloomy Darkness floats before his Sight,
And sheds around his Head impenetrable Night.

Now let the Swains with instant Thought prepare
The bold Attack; first with auspicious Pray'r
Invoke the Gods, to assist your daring Hands,
And stretch the bleeding Savage on the Sands.

As when beneath th' indulgent Shades of Night
Intrepid Heroes urge the silent Fight,
The slumbering Guards before the Gate surprize,
And seal in Death's eternal Sleep their Eyes;
Swift through the Gates th' embolden'd Warriors pour,
Spread through the Streets, and wrap each hostile
Tower

In missile Flame; so resolute the Swain
Attacks the scaly Fiend, his Leader slain.

His Weight and Size unerring Signs declare;
If but his Spinal crested Fin appear,
Peeping above the Foam, for many a Rood
His floating Weight usurps the murm'ring Flood.

But

But lesser Kinds the Waves support with Ease;
Part of their Backs floats extant from the Seas.

A sturdy knotted Rope the Toil demands, 180
Prodigious Line; no thicker on the Sands
Strung on the biting Anchor's Circle binds
The Merchant's Ship, victorious o'er the Winds.
Nor insufficient be it's Length to stray
In distant Deeps obsequious to the Prey. 185
Such be the Hook, as from it's rooted Seat
Might tear a Rock, nor suffer from the Weight.
Sprung from one Stem diverging Arches bend,
Branching averse the distant Points ascend,
Wide as the destin'd Jaws; a brazen Chain 190
Hangs next the Steel, impassive to sustain
His grinding Teeth; loose round their central Pole
The middle Links with ease Circle roll.
Hence when the Monster, active with his Pain,
Scours through the Deep, and eddies all the Main, 195
Untwisted the compliant Links obey
The mazy Struggles of the flouncing Prey.
Two Lumps of sturdy Beef the Points surround
Transfixt, with brawny Fat the Shoulder crown'd,
Or Liver's quaking Mass beslim'd with Blood, 200
To Filhes Taste no despicable Food.

The

The Fishers breathing martial Rage, prepare
The Fauchion, Scythe, and triple-wounding Spear,
With ev'ry nocent Form, the footy God
On sounding Anvills gave the flaming Rod.
Mute as the finny Shoals that glide below,
The Troop embarkt, with silent Pace and slow
Divide the Waves; be ev'ry Tongue confin'd,
But Hands and Eyes expressive of their Mind.
Their Oars the dimpled Surface gently sweep,
Cautious of Noise, least haply to the Deep
With apprehensive Fears the Prey return,
And leave the Swains their frustrate Hopes to mourn.
When near enough advanc'd, before the Prow
The sage Director sends his Baits below.

The *Whale* with all a Glutton's Transport spies,
Distends his Jaws, and grasps the fatal Prize.
Deep in his yielding Throat on either Side
The barbed Points their bloody Way divide.
Stung with the sudden Extacy of Pain,
The Wretch indignant gnaws the brazen Chain
With vain Attempt; but when the spreading Smart
Shoots in his Nerves, and boils around his Heart,
Furious he plunges to the dark Profound,
And fondly strives to lose th' inherent Wound.

The Swain obedient to the fierce Demand,
 Deals out the rushing Line with busie Hand.
 Nature with partial Strength has Man supply'd,
 To check his Passions, and restrain his Pride.
 A thousand Hands combin'd would strive in vain
 To turn the flying Monarch of the Main,
 Or tame reluctant; with regardless Ease
 He'd drag behind him to remotest Seas
 Fishers and Boats, with unresisted Force
 Impetuous as he takes his downward Course.

At equal Intervals along the Line,
 Capacious Skins the wily Fishers joyn,
 Swoln with imprison'd Air; from upper Day
 They sink unequal to the rushing Prey,
 But still with faint Reluctancy contend
 To fly the Deep, and o'er the Waves ascend.

At length alighting on a sandy Mound
 Fretful he foams, the Waters boil around
 His heaving Sides. As from the dusty Plain,
 The conqu'ring Steed dissolv'd in rapid Pain
 Pants thick; adown his Sides a briny Flood
 Distills, he breaths in Fire, and foams in Blood.
 So glows the *Whale* in agonizing Pain,
 Stretcht out desirous of Repose in vain.

The

The Winds aloft their bloated Prisons bear,
Eager to mingle with their kindred Air.

In different Scenes of Misery and Rage
Th' afflictive Skins their restless Slave engage.
On these he flies, with corresponding Pace
They flie as soon, and baulk the fruitless Chace;
Fearful they seem and conscious of the Foe;
If he returning seeks the Sands below,
As swiftly they return; he rolls in vain
Contending with Necessity and Pain;
With fond Attempt th' alternate Toil renews,
Drags from above, or from the Deep pursues.

As on some Oak, a future Vessel's Keel,
Two Ship-wrights ply the Saw's indented Steel;
Drawn each, each draws; the Teeth their Passage rend,
Rise to return, and sink to reascend;
Just so th' aspiring Skins and struggling Prey
A Scene of swift Vicissitude display.

United Streams of Foam and mingled Blood
Rush from his Jaws, and paint the checquer'd Flood
Alternate; hissing from his Nostrils flies
The liquid Breath, and roaring to the Skies
With double Torrent climbs; the Seas resound
With deeper Groan; within the dark Profound

You'd think enchain'd the Force of *Boreas* lay,
Struggling to Freedom, and his native Day.
With double Wing the breaking Surge divides,
Between a dreadful yawning Hell subsides.

As through the Straits, that part the *Latian* Shore
From *Aetna's* Isle, the rapid Torrents roar
Swift from th' *Ionian* to the *Tuscan* Deep;
While crowded Tempests through the Channel sweep
Impetuous by Restraint; in circling Maze
Whirl'd by the Gust, the curling Ocean plays.

While dread *Charybdis* from his Den below
Refunds his Draught; the bursting Surges flow
Hissing with Foam; the liquid-breathing Prey
Thus rolls the boiling Waves, and spouts a Sea.

Here let some Boat, retiring to the Shore,
Fast to a Rock the fainting Captive moor,
And soon return; now when his yielding Heart
Sinks with the Toil, and sickens with the Smart,
Pale Destiny her nodding Scales suspends;
Swift to the Beam the Sea-born's Fate ascends.
The nearest Skin returning to the Light
Prefages Conquest; ardent Hopes excite
The Fishers Minds. As when from distant Wars,
In shining Robes the sacred Herald bears

Important News, his Friends impatient wait,
And greet the sure Presage of happy Fate.

The Fishers thus with loud Acclaim carefs 300

The mounting Skin predictive of Success.

Nor long behind succeeding Skins appear,

Rise with their Load, and struggle into Air.

The Swains impatient for the closer Fight

Call forth their Strength, and all their Souls excite. 305

The rushing Boats with deeper Line furround

The panting Foe; beneath the Waves resound:

Above the Voice of War and Conquest roars,

Outbraves the Seas, and ecchoes from the Shores.

Armies you'd think engag'd in bloody Fight, 310

In Quest of Glory, or Defence of Right;

To These an equal Bravery inspires

Each Voice with Thunder, and each Breast with Fires.

Th' astonisht Shepherd quits his bleating Train,

To range unguarded on the verdant Plain; 315

The Woodman leaves the wounded Tree to stand

With dubious Nod, and hastens to the Strand.

The Goats unheeded o'er the Mountains rove:

The keenest Hunter rushing from the Grove,

Neglects the flying Deer, or tusked Boar, 320

For nobler Sport, and seeks the sounding Shore.

High

High on the Cliffs th' admiring Throng survey

• The Fishers Labours, and expiring Prey

The *God* of War descending to the Main

Lets loose his Furies on the wat'ry Plain. 335

With Hearts resolv'd th' impatient Swains advance,

Around their Arms the beamy Light'nings glance.

Above their Heads an Iron Grove appears,

Fauchions, and Scythes, and triple-wounding Spears,

The bouble-biting Axe, and barbed Dart, 336

With ev'ry nocent Pow'r of *Vulcan's* Art.

On ev'ry Side around the scaly Fiend,

With various Storm th' impetuous Wounds descend.

Fain would his Jaws th' insulting Boats invade,

In vain, his languid Limbs refuse their Aid, 337

Unequal to his Mind; with furious Sweep

He waves his Tail, and eddies all the Deep.

Far from the Foe repuls'd, the Waves divide

The Vessels bounding o'er the foaming Tide.

Shortliv'd the Storm; recover'd from their Fear 340

A new Descent the rallying Swains prepare,

Shouting amain; the reeking Waters glow,

With mingled Blood impurpled as they flow.

As

As when the Torrents of hibernal Rain
 Rush from the clayie Hill, and sweep the Plain, 345
 In spurious Channels roaring to the Main;
 Ting'd with the Spoils of Earth the distant Flood,
 Discolour'd flows, and seems to roll in Blood.
 Thus bath'd in mingled Gore, th' expanded Main
 Drinks from it's Native's Wounds a crimson Stain. 350
 The Fishers dash the sparkling Waves, and pour
 Within his gaping Wounds the briny Show'r.
 With Fate his native Element conspires,
 Boils in his Veins, and darts contagious Fires.

As when the Merchant's sacrilegious Freight 355
 Provokes the *Thunder's* Wrath, with speedy Fate
 On Wings of Flame the glowing Bolt descends,
 Lights on the Ship, and hisses as it rends;
 Swift through the Chasm the crowding Waters flow,
 And reconcil'd with Fire assist the Blow; 360
 The Brine thus raging in the Monster's Veins,
 Fires ev'ry Wound, and doubly arms his Pains.

When Fate victorious to the Gates of Death
 Conducts her panting Slave, in latest Breath
 Expiring, hackt all o'er, one spacious Wound; 365
 Th' exulting Victors with triumphant Sound

Drag

Drag him ashore unwilling; o'er his Sight
Inebriate creep the Shades of endless Night.
Above his Mountain back a dreadful Wood
Bristles erect, and seems to spring from Blood, 370
Rooted in Wounds; returning to the Shores
The vig'rous Fishers ply the bending Oars.
Triumphant *Pæans* shake the wide Profound;
Applauding Shores rebellow to the Sound.

As when returning from the bloody Main, 375
A conqu'ring Navy leads her captive Train,
With loud Acclaim of joyful Pride, and moors
The floating Triumph chain'd on hostile Shores;
In servile Bonds th' insulting Victors draw
Their landed Pris'ners, they with sullen Awe 380
Indignant the compulsive Force obey,
Stalk murmur'ing on, and spurn their odious Way;
The Fishers thus elate with swelling Joys,
Drag to the fatal Strand th' unwilling Prize.

In mortal Pangs ascending to the Shores, 385
Panting he rolls; the foaming Ocean roars
Around his Sides; back from his Fins he flings
Tempestuous Billows; thus with scorched Wings
The Bird in flutt'ring Agonies expires,
That tempts too near the sacred Altar's Fires. 390

Fain

Fain would he backward to the Deep retire;
Against himself his languid Limbs conspire.

As joyful Sailors on their native Strand
Stretcht on the Ropes their pond'rous Vessel land,
When Winter's hoarse Approach, and new Delight 395
A Rest from Sea-traversing Toils invite;
Thus drag the lab'ring Swains their captive Prize,
His Life expiring in tremendous Sighs.
His prostrate Length emerging from the Main,
Fills all the Beach, and hides the sandy Plain. 400
Dreadful in Death the spacious Limbs appear,
The shudd'ring Conqu'rors own a causeless Fear.
With dubious Joy their prostrate Foe survey,
And flying tremble at the distant Prey.

With dreadful Grin his breathless Jaws disclose 405
A thousand pointed Deaths in shining Rows.
When recollecting Reason cures their Fears,
Around the slain the gath'ring Throng repairs.

Some rustic Swain, averse to naval Toil,
True Son of Earth, and faithful to the Soil, 410
Ne're guilty of a Thought beyond the Shore,
To's Friends around the Silence thus forbore.

"From thee, dear Mother Earth, I first began,
"Sprung with thy Food, and ripen'd into Man:

"Summon'd by Fate to thy primeval Womb

"Resume this Clay, a Tribute to the Tomb.

"Me distant may the wat'ry Labours please;

"That God whose Trident awes th' unbounded Seas,

"May I devoutly from the Land adore,

"Nor trust the Deity beyond the Shore.

"Ne'er tempt me Gain, to mount the floating Wood,

"To rise on Waves, and dance across the Flood.

"May I secure the frowning Clouds despise,

"Nor trust my Fate to faithless Winds and Skies.

"Not faithless Winds and Skies alone I fear,

"Not all the dang'rous Labour Seamen bear

"Riding with furious Storms, when ev'ry Wave

"Full charg'd with Death displays a wat'ry Grave.

"Nor wat'ry Graves affright; my Soul detests

"Those hideous *Whales*, unceremonious Guests.

"Such uninterring Tombs the Sailor wait

"Unnatural, more terrible than Fate.

"Those Seas, where such tremendous Gluttons roll,

"Extort a Terror from my inmost Soul.

"Hail from the constant Land, too faithless Main,

"Smile unregarded on the rural Swain.

Such artful Toils subdue the *Whaly* Brood,

Stupendous Forms, the Tyrants of the Flood.

But

But smaller Kinds an easier Conquest yield,
 And gentler Force asserts the wat'ry Field.
 In due Proportion to th' expected Prize
 The Tackle to the destin'd Use complies.
 A thinner Bait, a slend'rer Cord descends,
 With closer Arch the latent Iron bends.
 Dry Gourds aloft the struggling Captive bear,
 Nor needs the Goatskin swell with crowded Air.

When Fishers meet the *Shark's* rapacious Young,
 Loos'd from it's Oar the tatter'd Rope is flung
 Unarm'd below; th' imprudent Wanton flies
 With eager Jaws, and grasps the worthless Prize.
 Hooks ev'n the Prey supplies; with num'rous Chains
 His Teeth recurve th' entangled Flax retains.
 Easie the Fisher's Toil; the Slave self-bound
 Mounts on the barbed Spear's retentive Wound.

Cetaceous Dogs intenser Fury warms,
 Untam'd their Nature, fatal are their Arms.
 Injurious as they're strong, their savage Souls
 No Mischief satisfies, no Fear controlls:
 But native Rage, and unrelenting Pride
 Boil in their Hearts, and o'er their Wills preside.
 Oft when the Seine involves a copious Prey,
 And crowded Weels the patient Toil repay,

With bold Assault th' intrepid Robbers tear
Th' unequal Net, and spoil the peopled Snare.
Swift as Revenge the Fishers from the Prow
Dispatch the Bait-disguised Steel below.

They their resistless Appetites obey,
Intemperate, an easie certain Prey.

The *Sea-born Calf* nor Force nor Fraud attain,
The Bait invites, and Spear descends in vain.
Impenetrable Skin their Limbs furrounds,
Repells the Point, and ev'n the Weapon wounds.

Should sweeping Seines, among the vulgar Fries,
The fierce *Sea-Calf* unfortunate surprize,
The Fishers anxious for their Prey no more,
Unite their Strength, and drag their Net ashore.
They gladly with the Robber would compound,
And lose their Labour, so their Net were found.

In vain a thousand Seines in close Array
Oppose their Bosoms to the Monster's Way,
His Teeth and Claws a speedy Passage tear,
The Captives Freedome, and the Swains Despair.

Th' unconquer'd Champion in the liquid Fields
Surpriz'd ashore an easie Conquest yields.
With Clubs and Tridents arm'd, the Troop furrounds
The sleeping Fiend, and pours a Storm of Wounds

Around

Around his Temples; fatal is the Blow,
That meets the Temples of the scaly Foe.

The Shell-defended *Tortoise* often meets
Th' affrighted Swains, and all their Sport defeats. 490
Secure he triumphs in the Fishers Fear,
For them to conquer, only is to dare.
But should some Artift, refolutely brave,
Surprize him paddling o'er the foamy Wave,
With vig'rous Jerk invert his horny Chine, 495
And lift the Concave to the Skies fupine,
Sailing aloft he wreaths his Legs in vain
In empty Air, and struggles to the Main,
While unextinguifht Laughter shakes the Swain. }
Fixt is his Doom; the floating Captive's Fate 500
The Spear, or under-heaving Nets compleat.

Thus when the Land-bred *Tortoise* on his Shield,
Some Boy, the sportive Tyrant of the Field,
O'erturns fupine, he pants, and plies in vain
His flexile Knees, defirous to regain 505
The prone Embrace of Earth; th' insulting Boy
Makes all the Wood refound his vocal Joy.

Th' unwilling Sailor floats along the Seas,
Dry'd by the Sun, and wafted by the Breeze:

Unfunk

Unfink the living Vessel swims to Shore;
 The Waves receive his parched Limbs no more,
 Bear him aloft, and toss him on the Port,
 His Life concluding with the Fishers Sport.

Fishers beware, the *Dolphin* ne'er must bleed,
 Detesting Heav'n resents th' inhuman Deed.
 Whom calm Design, and meditated Hate
 Incites industrious to the *Dolphin's* Fate,
 Far let him from the sacred Rites retire,
 His Touch profanes the consecrated Fire,
 Religion's Sin to him; where'er he goes,
 Contagious Guilt around the Murd'rer flows.
 Fly him, Companions, fly the Wretch and live,
 He's ne'er forgiv'n, (if Heav'n can ne'er forgive.)
 The Royal Rangers of the purple Flood,
 Equal in Dignity with human Blood
 The Gods regard; not like the vulgar Shoals
 By Instinct led, and sway'd by brutal Souls;
 Informing Reason dictates to their Mind
 Discursive Thought, and rivals human Kind;
 Dear mutual Ties their social Natures bind.
 They will with Judgement, act, converse, and love
 Like Men, or *Tritons* Sons of Sea-green Jove.

Akin

Akin by Reason, and by Friendship joyn'd,
Propitious they conspire with human Kind;
On fam'd *Euben's* Coast, *Egean* Ile,
Assist their Labours, and partake the Spoil.
When round the Boat nocturnal Torch's blaze,
And dart to gloomy Deeps their trembling Rays,
The joyful *Dolphins* starting from their Ooze,
Spring to the Toil, and leave the soft Repose.
Swift from their Sea-green Beds in wild Affright,
The Shoals fly diverse from the quiv'ring Light.
The watchful *Dolphins* ev'ry Pass command,
Repel them from the Deep, and drive to Land.
Thus the stanch Hounds behind the trembling Fawn
Move in unerring Thunder o'er the Lawn.
The patient Victims of Despair they lie;
The triple Spear repeated Slaughters die.
No Hopes of Flight, while flaming Terrors glare,
And awful Kings pursue them in the Rear.
When rich Success has crown'd the labour'd Day,
The *Dolphins* crave their Portion of the Prey.
The Fishers pick the choicest of the Spoil,
Supply their Wilhes, and reward their Toil.
Whoe're with mean and avaritious View,
Tenacious dares withhold the Lab'rer's Due,

Must

Must never hope again the crowded Shore;
Heav'n will resent, and *Dolphins* help no more.

Lives there so deaf to Fame, who never heard
The wondrous Fortunes of the *Lesbian* Bard,
How he escap'd the Robber's murd'rous Pow'r,
And landed safe on the *Tenarian* Shore?
The sacred Poet, Care of ev'ry God,
Fearless the gentle *Dolphin's* Back bestrode,
And tun'd his Lyre melodious as he rode.

Of Providence he sung, transporting Theme,
The Musick sweetly dy'd along the Stream.
Attentive Waves to pleasing Rest beguil'd,
Forgot their Rage, and all around him smil'd.

Rescu'd from Silence lives the Shepherd's Fame,
Who gave the *Dolphin's* humid Breast a Flame.
Each pleasing Anguish, each fantastick Woe,
Those pretty Pains we reas'ning Lovers know,
The *Dolphin* felt; like us the live-long Day
Or absent pin'd, or in fond idle Play
Officious, hover'd o'er the well-known Shore;
The Pipe he much admir'd, the Piper more,
With Rivals Eyes the bleating Flocks survey'd,
And envy'd them their Swain, and sylvan Shade.

What

What will not Lovers wish? fain from the Flood 580
He'd rise to breath in Air, and range the Wood.

Aeolia Witness of the *Dolphin's* Flame

Relates a moving Tale of later Fame.

A youthful *Dolphin* once a comely Swain

Beheld, admir'd, and lov'd, nor lov'd in vain; 585

Despis'd the Deep, and prest the dubious Strand,

Inhabitant at once of Sea and Land.

Never inconstant from his Charmer stray'd,

Flatter'd with mute Address, and gaz'd, and play'd.

With mutual Passion Infants first they lov'd, 590

And Age their Beauties and their Flames improv'd;

They shone unequal'd in the Fields or Main,

The swiftest *Dolphin*, and the brightest Swain.

Drawn by Report to see the strange Amour

Admiring Nations crowded to the Shore, 595

Rapt with Delight survey'd their am'rous Game,

And own'd the Sight superior to the Fame.

Prodigious Love with unexampled Deeds

Excites their Wonder, and their Hopes exceeds.

Soon as the Shepherd launching on the Stream 600

Resounds his Lover's long-accustom'd Name,

Swift as an Arrow cuts the liquid Skies,

Thirsty of Blood, and burning as it flies;

Updarting from the Deep with eager Joy,
 The *Dolphin* springs to meet the willing Boy.
 His Limbs in mute expressive Courtship roll,
 Warm as his Love, and active as his Soul.
 Now from his Tail he drives the foaming Tide
 Waving luxuriant, now with easie Pride
 His arched Neck half rais'd above the Main
 He hangs enamour'd; while the grateful Swain
 Or stroaks his Neck, or grasps him in his Arms,
 Returns his Passion, and repays his Charms.
 Fain would the desperate Lover for the Swain
 Resign his Nature, and forsake the Main;
 He leaps preventing from the Vessel's Prow,
 And meets him in his native Waves below.
 Close o'er the Flood the fond Companions glide,
 With Head to Head adjoyn'd, and Side to Side.
 The Fish with all the Latitude of Joy
 Nature allow'd, carest the lovely Boy.
 Hung on his Kisses, or mistaken prest
 Supine the panting Whiteness of his Breast:
 Love unconfin'd their well-match'd Souls possess.

The wear'd Swain advancing to the Strand
 Rests on his Neck, and rising on his Hand

Vaults

Vaults o'er his humid Back, a grateful Load,
 Directs his Speed, and points the dubious Road.
 He courts the Toil, and glorying in his Pride
 Receives the Rider, and obeys the Guide. 630
 Bounds o'er the wavy Deep, if he command,
 Or keeps the Shore, and sweeps along the Strand.

With tender Mouth compliant to the Rein
 The manag'd Courser beats the sounding Plain;
 His long accustom'd Lord the Spaniel fears, 635
 Observes his Motions, and his Voice reveres.
 Subjects with loyal Faith their Prince obey,
 Whose willing Hearts confess the milder Sway:
 Far more obsequious to the guiding Swain,
 The *Dolphin* uncompell'd by Yoke or Rein, 640
 Conveys his lovely Burden o'er the Main.
 Should he command another's Weight to bear,
 That hard Command but proves his Love sincere:
 A ruder Swain his willing Back would take,
 And bear th' Indifferent for the Lover's sake. 645

Such blissful Scenes their happy Lives employ,
 Till Fate grown envious of the *Dolphins* Joy,
 Snatcht to her cold Embrace the lovely Boy.
 The pensive Mourner rolling near the Shores
 With loud Complaints his absent Swain deploras. 650

The Shores relenting hear the Lover's moan,
 Breath back his Sighs, and eccho to his Groan.
 Tears more than human from his Eyelids flow,
 And Reason serves but to augment his Woe.
 The gentle Shepherds call him from the Shore
 Regardless, human Voice has Charms no more.
 Nor profer'd Meat invites; no longer please
 Those conscious Scenes, those once familiar Seas.
 Despairing to some gloomy Cave he flies,
 Scorns to survive his better Part, and dies. 66.

Dolphins to Men thus generous and kind,
 Sublim'd by Reason, and by Friendship joyn'd,
 The barb'rous *Thracian* and *Byzantine* take,
 Nor spare the Booty for the Lover's sake.
 Villains! whose Hearts immur'd in triple Steel 66
 No tender Checks, no soft Emotions feel.
 As soon if prompted by the Love of Gain,
 Fraternal Blood their impious Hands would stain.
 Nor smiling Innocence nor hoary Age
 Of Sons or Parents quench the murd'rous Rage. 67.

A sportive Pair of youthful *Dolphins* glide,
 Coeval Offspring, near their Mother's Side.
 These first from barb'rous Undistinction feel
 Th' inhuman Tortures of the *Thracian* Steel.

When

When arm'd with Death the treach'rous Boat appears,
 Unus'd alike to Danger and to Fears,
 With unsuspecting Joy the *Dolphins* wait,
 Consult their Pastime, and neglect their Fate.
 Frisking around their active Bodies move
 In all the various Imagery of Love.
 Elanc'd the corded Harping-Iron hides
 It's Point retentive in the Wanton's Sides.
 Stung to his inmost Soul he rolls away
 Precipitant, and flies the guilty Day.
 Deep in the Bosom of the pitying Main,
 Breaths out his Woes, and wallows in his Pain.
 Impetuous Force the prudent Swains decline,
 And give their unresisting Length of Line,
 Where'er th' afflicted Captive leads the Way,
 Th' obsequious Oars his mazy Course obey,
 Should eager Strength the rushing Line restrain,
 The Line were useless, and the Labour vain.
 But when dissolv'd by Constancy of Smart
 He shakes with fainter Pangs the quivering Dart,
 His Limbs bereav'd of Nature's warm Supplies
 Born by the Floods involuntary rise,
 With all th' Extravagance of pious Woe
 The mournful Dam attends her Son below.

Pursues

Pursues his mazy Journey through the Main,
Swift from maternal Love, as he from Pain. 706

The Seas relenting hear the Parents Moans,
Swell with her Tears, and murmur with her Groans.

As when amidst the burning Town's Alarms,
The Children, raviſht from their Mother's Arms,
Insulting Victors drag in servile Chains; 709

With furious Grief the mournful Dame complains,
Swells into Rage, and raves with fond Despair,
Calls ev'ry Star, and ev'ry God severe.

The Mother *Dolphin* thus laments her Son,
And bleeds in Wounds and Torments not her own. 710

Sometimes severely Kind, her other Care
She beats pursuing from the guilty Snare.

"Fly fly my Son, for Men perfidious grown
"Breath open War, and ancient Faith disown.

"For us they meditate the steely Pains, 711

"And Ocean blushes from a *Dolphin's* Veins:

"Nor social League ordain'd by Heav'n can bind,

"Nor Friendship charm the savage Earth-born's Mind.

Thus she, tho' mute yet understood, exprest
The silent Image of the Mother's Breast. 712

Thus warn'd her Son to seek a distant Shore,
Where perjurd Man might ne're approach him more.

But

But she, the Flight herself advis'd disdains,
Attends the Slave, and suffers in his Pains.
No Force or Blows avert, nor Fears controll
The fatal Purpose of the Mother's Soul.
Drawn to their Deaths th' inseparable Captives move,
He from his Chains, the Mother by her Love.
Relentless Men! the tender Scene imparts
No Softness to the Fishers' steely Hearts;
Wretches! whom suffering Virtue fails to move,
Proof to the Charms of Life-disdaining Love.
Close to the Boat the Mother swims, and rears
Her Head submissive to the Fishers Spears;
The wretched Privilege of Death desires,
And willing with her dying Son expires.

Thus when the Snake, that scents his grateful Food,
Rais'd on his Folds invades the Swallows Brood
Aloft in mossie Cell enroof'd, and draws
The callow Young within his poisonous Jaws,
Flutt'ring around the Nest the Dam complains,
And mourns her ravish'd Joys in chatt'ring Strains,
A thousand Deaths enduring at the Sight,
Disdains the winged Privilege of Flight;
Plung'd in the Monster's Jaws she flies the Day,
And mingles with her Sons, a willing Prey.

As

As Fame reports, that sedentary Kind
 Along the Shore in pearly Shells reclin'd,
 What Time her Brother's Rays the Lamp of Night
 Hasts to oppose, and fill her Orb with Light; 750
 Distent with Fat in each Dimension swell
 Th' unequal Confines of the stubborn Shell.
 But when she sidelong meets the rising Day,
 The Fishes with the less'ning Orb decay.
 Nature and *Cynthia* Mistress of the Main 755
 This Law to all *Testaceous* Kinds ordain.
 Those whom their Fate has fixt remote from Land
 Descending Divers gather from the Sand;
 Some rooted from their native Rocks they tear,
 Others ashore the driving Surges bear. 760
 The *Purple Wilks* that bleed the glowing Dye
 All shelly Kinds in rav'nous Gust outvie.
 For These with new Device a Willow Snare
 Enwreath'd with close-connected Twigs prepare.
 The *Whirls* drawn naked from his spiral Shell, 765
 And *Gaping Cockle* bait the woven Cell.
 Around the Weel the creeping Gluttons throng,
 Stretch from their Shells their slender Length of Tongue
 Between the Chinks, and suck the distant Bait,
 But dearly buy their Pleasure with their Fate. 770

Their

Their Tongues, dilating from the bloated Veins,
 With close Embrace the pressing Chink detains,
 Irrevocably riveted in Pains.

Thus caught, with Purple's most luxurious Bloom
 They paint the Labours of the *Tyrian* Loom. 775

Who cut the porous Sponge from Rocks below
 Exalted Misery of Labour know;
 Tremendous Trade! They first with patient Care
 Their Bodies to the destin'd Toil prepare.

With slender Meals refine their grosser Blood, 780
 Necessity the Measure of their Food.

Be Sleep, to other Fishermen deny'd,
 By them in all it's Luxury enjoy'd.

As some harmonious Bard, from private Praise
 Aspiring to the Prize of vocal Lays, 785

With previous Management his Voice subdues,
 Through all the Scale the fleeting Sounds pursues,

Distends his Lungs, and mellows in his Throat
 The swift Division, and the long-breath'd Note;

So These industrious, to themselves severe, 790
 Their Bodies to the dreadful Toil prepare,

Uninjur'd from the long-suspended Air.
 Now while they glide adown the silent Way,

To ev'ry Sea-controlling God they pray,

Far distant to remove the *Whaly* Brood, 795
And fence with Providence the neighboring Flood.
Where're the gentle *Beauty-Fish* they find,
New Joys and Courage raise their drooping Mind.
Near him no ravenous Monster seeks his Prey,
He always wontons in a guiltless Sea, 800
Insures their Safety and dispels their Care;
Hence Fishers deem him *Sacred* as he's *Fair*.

Girt with a Rope around the Diver stands,
His Instruments of Labour in his Hands.
Deprest with Weights of Lead his Left declines, 805
Graspt in his Right a polish'd Reaphook shines.
His Jaws an aromattick Juice contain,
That darts a splendor thro' the gloomy Main.
Anxious at first he hovers o'er the Flood,
A chilly Trembling thrills along his Blood. 810
Dreadful his Fancy paints the Scenes of Woe,
With wistful Eyes he views the Waves below.
Back on itself retires his shrinking Soul,
To hear them murmur, and to see them roll.
Behind his animating Comrades chear, 815
Urge to the Plunge, and drown the Voice of Fear.

Thus

Thus the swift Champion starting from the Goal
His Friends incite, desponding Fears control,
And check the panting Prefage of his Soul.

At length resolv'd he takes his headlong Leap;

The Weights depress him willing to the Deep.

Amidst the solemn Gloom his Lips diffuse

Around his Head the radiant oily Juice.

The Clouds dilating shed a feeble Ray,

Mix with the Floods, and give a spurious Day.

Thus the pale Taper's melancholly Light

Illumines far around the Dusk of Night.

Deep in the Caverns of the Rocks he spies

Where the tough Bed of rancid Spunges lies.

Whatever verdant Plants the Rocks produce

A noisome Poison from their Pores diffuse.

The Diver flies impatient on his Toil,

And reaps with speedy Strokes the bleeding Spoil.

Tugging the timely Signal to his Friends,

His Weight obsequious to the Rope ascends.

A nauseous Bane from wounded Spunges flows,

Too fatal if imbib'd within his Nose.

Swift as the Wings of Thought he springs away,

Darts from the Cave, and seeks the purer Day.

Whoe'er beholds him pale and shiv'ring rise, ⁸⁴⁰
 Must meet his Friend tho' safe with dubious Eyes,
 And own his Terror equal to his Joys. }
 His Limbs their Strength and vital Heat forsake,
 And only leave the wretched Pow'r to shake.
 Eager he gasps the late Return of Breath, ⁸⁴⁵
 And trembles in the near Escape of Death.

Fate dooms him oft some Sea-born Monster's Prey,
 Plunging his last farewell to solar Day.
 Surpriz'd within the savage Glutton's Jaws,
 In vain the Signal to his Friends he draws. ⁸⁵⁰
 Beneath the *Whale's* devouring Gripe detains;
 The Fishers drag their mangled Friend's Remains,
 Fondly revolving in his latest Mind
 His Boat, and mournful Comrades left behind.
 Henceforth the Sponges may neglected lie, ⁸⁵⁵
 The guilty Scene of Death the Fishers flie.
 Weeping to Land the dreadful Corps attend,
 And pay the mournful Honours to their Friend.

Thus the cold Secrets of the wat'ry Night,
Jove's scepter'd Charge, remov'd from mortal Sight, ⁸⁶⁰
 What studious Nature labour'd to conceal,
 To Thee, the *Muse* all-knowing durst reveal.

But

But may thy Ships on easy Waves be born,
And may the Winds still change for their Return.

Large Tribute may the fruitful Seas afford 865

In living Subjects to their *Roman* Lord.

May *Neptune's* Arms, unshaken by the Main

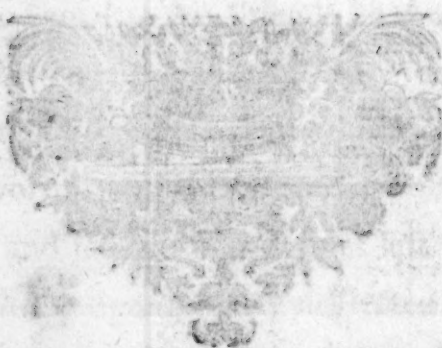
The deep Foundations of the Earth maintain,

And keep the World secure for *Cæsar's* Reign.

}



But may thy shipwrecked Wives be found
 And may the Winds still change for their Return
 Large Tribute may the fruitful Seas afford
 In living Subjects to their Royal Lord
 May Heaven's Arms, unshaken, still maintain
 The deep Foundations of the British Throne
 And keep the World secure for Jesus' Reign.



A
CATALOGUE
 OF THE
FISHES

Mention'd in **OPPIAN**.

AT the distance of fifteen hundred years from the Time in which *Oppian* wrote, and in a Country remote from those Seas which were the Scene of his Poem, 'tis but reasonable that large allowances should be made to a Translator who is obliged to english the *Greek* names by which *Fishes* were distinguish'd, as they swam so many Centuries ago in the *Mediterranean*. He that reads the modern *Ichthyologists* will find them very much divided in their opinions, and at a loss to determine what *Fishes* are meant from the ancient Accounts of 'em; so that whoever would be exact in adjusting their Names, must take the pains of comparing them together, and not trust to a single Authority.

As for those *Fishes* which are common to the *British* and *Mediterranean* Sea, and whose Qualities are so remarkable that they leave us no room to doubt, such Names as are already made by other Naturalists as Mr. *Willoughby*, *Grew* and *Charleton*, I have not scrupled to make use of for genuine English. As we have no proper *English* Words to express the Names of *Fishes*

un-

unknown to our Seas, I have been sometimes obliged to retain the Original Word, or to borrow *Italian* Names when they are more agreeable: some of 'em I have described by a kind of *Periphrasis*, and ventured to coin new Terms for others, agreeable to the Etymology of the *Greek*. Sometimes the different Sexes and Ages of a known *Species* which have but one *English* Name, have different ones in the *Greek*; but this Defect is easily supplied by the addition of a proper Epithet. Several Fishes take their Names from Land-Animals, on the account of some accidental Mark or Property, without any Regard to their Shape or specific Nature. For (as Sr. *Thomas Brown* rightly observes) 'tis a vulgar Errour to suppose that there are Fishes in the Sea analogous to all Creatures on the Land. In the following Catalogue it would be needless to give any account of Fishes farther than would be necessary for reading the Author; since so many Ancients and Moderns have written long Treatises on this Subject; among the former, *Aristotle*, *Ælian* and *Pliny*, of the latter *Aldrovandus*, *Rondelet*, *Salvian*, *Gesner*, *Johnston*, and above all Mr. *Willoughby*; who has not only given a nice and anatomical Description of Fishes, but also an exact representation of their external Figures. In observing the prodigious Variety of their Shapes, and now excellently the parts of their Bodies are fitted to the uses which Providence has allotted them for their preservation, the Curious will find an agreeable Entertainment, and will at once discover new Beauties in Nature, and the Descriptions of our Poet.

Oppian, in dividing his Fishes with regard only to the different places of their feeding and usual Resort, intended only, as it is agreeable to Poetry, first to lay the Scene before he proceeded to Action. But with respect to the differences in the Make of their Bodies and their manner of Generation, Fishes are divided
into

into *Cetaceous* or *Whale-Fishes*, *Cartilagineous*, *Spinosi* or *Fishes with small prickly Bones*, and the *Exanguia* or *Bloodless* Kinds, which are more properly called *Water-Animals* than *Fishes*. The two first Kinds are *Viviparous*, the two latter *Oviparous*.

ΚΗΤΕΑ, Cete, *Cetaceous* or *Whale-Fishes*, which have Lungs, Hearts, Arteries, and all other Parts the same as *Land-Animals*; and which copulate, bring forth their Young alive, and suckle them with Milk after the same Manner.

βάλαινα, Balæna, the *Common Whale*.

φύσαλα, or φυσή, Physalus, Physeter, the *Spouting Whale*, φυσὶ τὴν φουσάν, ab efflando, named from his Spouting the Water from his two Pipes or Nostrils to a great Height.

φῶκα, Phoca, Vitulus Marinus, the *Sea-Calf* or *Seal*.

ἵππος, Equus, the *Sea-Horse*. Such as are usually represented by Painters, drawing Neptune's Chariot.

Σκολοπένδρα, Scolopendra, Centipes. This Fish (unknown to our Seas) takes it's Name from a *Land-Insect* or *Worm* called the *Centipes*, which has two Rows of Legs reaching from the Head to the Tail; and is described, Book 2. V. 722. He is mention'd by *Ælian* in his *History of Animals*, and by most *Naturalists* placed among the *Cetaceous* Fishes.

Δελφίν, Delphinus, the *Dolphin*. The swiftest and most beautiful Fish in the Sea, stiled the *King of Fishes*, and remarkable for his benevolence to Mankind.

ΣΕΛΑΧΗ *Cartilagineous* or *Gristle-Fishes*, are such as have *Gristles* or *Cartilages* only instead of *Bones*. They conceive large Eggs exactly the same as those Birds, which they retain in the Womb till the *Fetus* is perfectly grown, and thus become *Viviparous*. They are frequently called κῆτα and μεγαλήτης by *Oppian* not

on the account of their specifick Natures, but only of their Bulk in which they exceed several *Whales*. They are divided into the *Long* and *Plain* or *Flat Cartilaginous* Fishes.

Long Cartilaginous Fishes.

κύων *Canis* the *Sea Dog*. This being a general Name comprehends the following *Species*.

1. Λάμνη *Lamia*, *Canis Carcharias*, the *White Shark*.
2. Μάλθη, *Maltha*, *Canis Mollis*, the *Soft Shark*.
3. Γλαῦκος, *Glaucus*, the *Blew Shark*.
4. Κεντρίνη and Κεντροφόρος *Centrina* the *Hog-Fish*, so named from the black Bristles that grow over his Body.

5. Γαλέος, *Mustelus*, the *Hound-Fish*, of which there are three sorts.

Σκύμνος, *Catulus*, the lesser *Hound-Fish*, or *Morgay*.

Γαλέος λείος, *Mustelus lævis*, the *Smooth Hound-Fish*.

Ἀκανθίας, *Mustelus Spinax*, the *Prickly Hound-Fish*.

6. Ῥίνη, *Squatina*, the *Monk*, or *Angel-Fish*.

7. Ἀλώπηξ, *Vulpes Marinus*, the *Fox* or *Fox-Hound*.

Ποικίλος, the *Speckled Fox-Hound*.

Ξιφίας, *Gladius*, the *Sword-Fish*, from a long Blade of an horny Substance proceeding from his upper jaw, with which he kills his Prey.

Περίστis, *Serra*, the *Saw-Fish*. He has a Blade differing from that of the *Sword-Fish* in that it is indented on both sides like a Saw.

Ζύγωνα, *Zygæna*, the *Balance-Fish*. He hath his Name from the shape of his head, very different from that of all other Fishes, being spread out horizontally like the Beam of a Balance; his Eyes standing at the two extremes, as the iron Hooks do at the end of the Beam.

Λέων, *Leo*, the *Sea-Lion*.

Κεας, *Aries*, the *Sea-Ram* or *Sheep*.

Πάρδαλις, *Panthera*, the *Sea-Panther*.

Ἰάγνα, *Hyæna*, the *Sea-Hyæna*.

These

These four last Fishes taking their Names from *Land-Animals* on the account of some Accident or Property which they have in common with them, are either unknown to our Seas, or Synonymous to some already mention'd, most likely of the *Cartilagineous* Kind.

Flat Cartilagineous Fishes.

Batis, Raia, the *Ray* or *Thornback*.

'Aenis, Aquila, the *Sea-Eagle*, a kind of *Ray* with Fins expanded on each side like Wings.

Bês, Bos, the *Sea-Cow* or *Broad-Ray*.

Τρυγών, Pastinaca, the *Fire-Flair*, a Kind of *Ray* with a poisonous Sting in his Tail.

Νάυα, Torpedo, the *Cramp-Fish*, so called from his wonderful Effects. *Vide* Book 2. V. 109. and Book 3. V. 201.

ΑΚΑΝΘΩΔΗ, Spinosi, *Fishes with prickly Bones*, which are *Oviparous*.

Ἀγρίον, Arista, the *Prickle-Fish*, from the prickles on his back like those on an Ear of Corn.

'Αβραμῖς, Abramis, the *Basse*.

'Αγροφάγος, ferus Pager, the largest Kind of *Bream*.

'Αδωνῖς, Adonis, from his Beauty: he is likewise called *ἑξωγῖς*, exocætus, *extra aquas dormiens* from his sleeping upon dry Land.

'Αδμωνῖς, Admones, this Species is described by none of the *Naturalists*.

'Αμῖα, Amia, the *Amie*, a Fish unknown to our Seas.

'Ανθῖς, Anthias, the *Anthie*. This Fish is by most Authors thought to be the same as the *κάλλιχθς* *Beauty-Fish*, or *ἱερὸς ἰχθῦς* *Piscis Sacer*. There our four Species of 'em mention'd by Oppian.

Αἰτναῖος, Ætnæus, the *Black Beetle*.

'Αφύα, Apua, the *Spirling*, from *ἀφύης non natus*, from their supposed equivocal Generation from the Froth of the Sea, whence they are likewise called *ἀφρόγινος* *Froth-engender'd*.

H h 2 H h 2 Bairet,

Βάτραξ, *Rana Piscatrix*, the *Sea-Toad*, or *Fishing-Frog*, his Shape and Manner of Fishing are described at length in the second Book. pag. 66.

Βασιλιάς, *Regulus*, the *Sea-Basilisk*.

Βλέννις, *Blennus*, the *Butterfly-Fish*, from the spots in his Fins like those in the Wings of a *Butterfly*.

Βέγλωας, *Lingulaca vel Solea*, the *Sole*.

Βώξ, *Boops*, the *Ox-ey'd Cockerel*.

Γόγρις, *Congrus*, the *Conger-Eel*.

Δρακων, *Draco*, the *Weever* or *Sea-Dragon*.

Έγγελλος, *Anguilla*, the *Eel*.

Έχωνις, *navem retinens*, the *Remora* or *Sucker*. A small Fish of the *Eel-Kind*; which according to vulgar report, can stop the largest Ship under Sail, by sticking underneath the Keel. Book. I. pag. 16.

Έγγραύλις, *Apuarum* genus, the *Spirling* or *Sprat*.

Έρυθρόν, *Rubellio*, the *Sea-Roach*.

Έμπερόκοιτις, *interdum dormiens*, the *Sea-Owl*, from his sleeping all the day, and being awake at night. He is likewise called *στεινοσκοπός* *Celis Speculator* the *Star-Gazer* from the position of his eyes on the top of his Head.

Έπαις, *Jecorinus*, the *Liver-Fish*, a Species of the *Bream* named from his colour.

Αλόφα, *Alofa*, the *Pilchard*.

Θύννις, *Thunnus*, the *Tunnie*, *σύν* & *θύνω* from his Swiftnefs.

Ίππυς, *Hippurus*, the *Horse-Tail*, from a Fin on the Top of his Head like the Crest of an Helmet, which was usually an Horse's Tail.

Ίρως, *Accipiter*, the *Sea-Hawk*, a flying Fish.

Ιερός ιχθύς, *Sacer Piscis*, the same as the *κόσμετος* or *Beauty-Fish*, the reason of his Name *Sacred* is given by *Oppian*, Book 5. pag. 218.

Ιούλις, *Julis*, the *Rainbow-Fish*, from the variety of his Colours.

Κίθαρα, *Cithara*, the *Folio*. His Greek Name is taken from the parallel Lines on his sides resembling the Strings of an Harp.

Κεραύς, Mugil, the *Sea-Barbel*, a Fish of the Mullet Kind.

Κεφαλή, Capito, the *Sea-Chub*, another Species of the Mullet.

Κέρκυρα, Cercyrus, a Species of the *Bull-Ox-eye*.

Κίχλη, Turdus. This Fish as Oppian informs us, is only the Female of the Κόσσυφος.

Κόσσυφος, Merula, the *Wras*.

Κλαρία, Clarias, a lesser Kind of *Cod-Fish*.

Κορακίν, Corvus, the *Sea-Crow* from his Blackness.

Κωβίος, Gobio, the *Sea-Gudgeon*.

Κυβεία, Cubea, a *Young Tunny*.

Κίρις, κίρρις, Cirras, the *Yellow-Tail*.

Κάστωρ, Scarabæus, the *Beetle*.

Κινάδης, Cinædus, the *Pathick-Fish*. This is the only Fish Oppian has expressed by a circumlocation without directly giving his proper Name; which is a remarkable Instance of the Modesty of our Poet, that would not suffer him to stain his verse with an unchast Idea.

Κόκκυς, Cuculus, the *Gray-Gurnard*.

Λάβεα, Lupus, the *Sea-Wolf*, from his ravenous Nature.

Λάρις, Larimus, the *Scud*.

Μαῖνις, Mænis, the *Cockrell*.

Μελανός, Melanurus, the *Black-Tail*.

Μύλος, Myllus, a Species of the Mullet.

Μύρανα, Muræna, the *Sea-Lamprey*.

Μύς, Mus Marinus, the *Sea-Mouse*.

Μόρμυλος, Mormylus, Ovid's Mormyr, the *Mormyl*.

Νυκτερίς, Noctua, the *Sea-Owl*, the same with ἡμεροχίτης.

Ὀψοφάγος, } two Kinds of *Bream*.

Ὀψοφάγος, }
Ὀν, Afellus Major, the *Haddock*, or *Cod-Fish*.

Ὀνίσκος, Afellus Minor, the *Whiting*.

Ὀρφός, Orphus, the *Oerve*.

Ὀρκύνος,

Ὀρκύνῳ, Orcynus, the *Tunnie* when he is full-grown.

Πηλαμύς, Pelamys, a Young *Tunnie*.

Πέρκη, περκίς, Perca, the *Sea-Pearch*.

Πρένας, Prenas, a Fish of the *Tunnie* Kind.

Πομπίλῳ, Piscis Nauticus, the *Pilot-Fish*, from his accompanying Ships at Sea in calm weather, Book I.

V. 314.

Πλάγυρῳ, Platyurus, the *Broad-Tail*,

Ραφίς, Acus, the *Gar-Fish* or *Needle-Fish* from his long slender Shape.

Σαῦρος, Lacertus, the *Sea-Lizard*.

Σμαρίς, Smaris, the *White Cackrel*.

Σπίρος, Sparus, the lesser *Gilt-head*.

Σκάρος, Scarus, in *Italian* Scaro. From his property of chewing the Cud he is called *Ruminax* the *Cud-Fish*.

Σάλπη, Salpa, the *Goldlin*, from the glittering Streaks on his Sides.

Σύγμα, Sucula, the *Sand-Eel*.

Σκίαυα, Umbra, the *Shade-Fish*.

Σάργος, Sargus, in *Italian* Sargo, the *Basse*.

Σιμός, Simus, the *Sea-Dace*.

Σκομβρος, Scombrus, the *Mackrel*.

Σκορπίος, Scorpio, the *Sea-Scorpion*, from his poisonous Nature.

Σφύραινα, Sphyræna, the *Sea-Pike*, or *Spit-Fish*.

Σκολίας, Scolias, the *Cogniol*, or *Bastard Mackrel*.

Σκορδύλος, Scordylus, a Young *Tunnie*.

Συνόδης, Dentex, the *Sea-Ruff*.

Ταινία, Tænia, the *Swath-Fish*, from his long slender Shape.

Τεάγος, Hircus, the *Sea-Goat*, a kind of *Cackrel*.

Τραχῦρος, Trachurus, the *Shad*.

Τρίγλη, τριγλίς, Mullus, the *Mullet*, or *Surmullet*.

Φάγρος, Phagrus, the *Bream*.

Φυκίς, Tinca, the *Sea-Tench*.

Χρέμης, χρέμης, Chromis, the *Grunter*.

Χώνος, Hiatula, the *Gaper*, or *Gin-Fish*.

Χαλκίς

καλκίς, Faber, the *Dory*.

χάραξ, Carassius, a kind of *Sea-Carp*.

χαλκίς, Chalcis, a Young *Herring*.

χειδών, Hirundo, the *Sea-Swallow*, a flying Fish.

χρύσοφρος, Aurata, the *Gilt-head*.

ψήλα, Passer, the *Plaife*.

ΑΝΑΙΜΟΝΑ, Aquatilia Exanguia, *Bloodless* Fishes, are divided into Mollia *Soft* Fishes without Shells; Cruftata, those that are covered with thin pliant Shells; and Testacea, those which have thick, hard brittle Shells.

Μαλάκια, Mollia, *Soft Bloodless* Fishes.

πόλυπος, Polypus, Multipes, the *Preke*, or *Pourcontrel*. He has eight long Legs or Fibres ποτυληδόνες, four on each side of his Head, which serve him to crawl, cling to the Rocks, and entangle his Prey.

ὄσμύλος, Osmylus, a *Species* of the *Preke*.

σηπία, Sepia, the *Cuttle* or *Ink-Fish*. He abounds with a black juice like Ink, with which he stains the waters and escapes his pursuers.

τόθις, Loligo, the *Sleve*, a flying Fish.

Μαλακίσπρακα, Cruftata, *Bloodless* Fishes with thin pliant Shells.

ἄσπεκος, Astacus, the common *Lobster*.

κάρακος, Locusta Marina, the rough horned *Lobster* with prickles on his Shell. This is the *Lobster* that engages the *Lamprey*, Book 2. V. 350.

καεῖς, Squilla, the *Prawn*, or *Shrimp*.

καρκίνος, Cancer, the *Crab*.

καρκινᾶς, Cancellus, the *Hermit-Fish*, a kind of *Crab*, which having no Shell of his own Seizes the Shells of other Fishes.

παγῆρος, Pagurus, the *Velvet-Crab*, or *Punger*.

ἄστηρ, Stella Marina, the *Star-Fish*, from his five Spikes or Rays.

Οσρα-

Ὀστρακόδερμα, Testacea, *Testaceous Fishes.*

Ὀστρεον, Ostreum, the *Oyster.*

Ναυτίλος, Nautilus, the *Sail-Fish.* His Sailing is described, Book 1. V. 522.

Πορφύρα, Purpura, the *Purple-Wilk*, which yields a purple juice anciently used in dying.

Κήρυξ, Buccinum, the *Trumpet.*

Στροφέος, Turbo, the *Whirl* with a long spiral Shell.

Νερίτης, Nerites, the *Rough Wilk.*

Εχίνος, Echinaceus, the *Sea-Urchin*, or *Hedge-hog*, whose Shell is full of Spikes.

Πιννοφύλαξ, Pinnæ Custos, the *Nacre.*

Πίννη, Pinna, a little Fish that cohabits in the same Shell with the *Nacre*, which is thence called πιννοφύλαξ.

Λεπίς, Patella, the *Lympet*, a Shell of a conick Figure that sticks to the Rocks.

Σωλήν, Solen, the *Sheath*, or *Razor-Fish.*

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